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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Along Route 40

ANOTHER STEP forward has been made in the struggle for Negro rights. Combined efforts by representatives of the Congress of Racial Equality, the State Department, the White House and the Maryland Commission on Interracial Relations have culminated in an achievement which won an eight-page spread in *Life* magazine.

What was the big news in American race relations which became *Life's* "Story of the Week" for December 8? It was simply that about two-thirds of the restaurants along a certain stretch of U.S. highway have at long last agreed to serve Negroes.

There is a little more to it than that, of course. The highway in question is Route 40, on the main line between Washington, D.C. and New York, and the portions of the highway where the eating places have ended the practice of discrimination against Negroes are those that pass through Maryland and Delaware. It is on this section of U.S. 40 that ambassadors and officials of various African states have been repeatedly embarrassed and insulted in their journeys between the capital and New York.

The latest such incident concerned the Ambassador from Chad, who was refused service at a diner on Route 40. His remarks on the episode, given in the *Life* story, contrast tellingly with those of the woman who refused him a cup of coffee. Ambassador Malick Sow made these observations: "When I asked for coffee, the good woman said she could not serve me. She said, 'That's the way it is here.' I cannot say how I felt. I was astonished. I was so angry. President Kennedy himself has made deep apologies, but these humiliations are bad—everyone can exploit them." Mrs. Leroy Merritt, of the diner in question, said this: "He looked like just an ordinary run of the mill nigger to me. I couldn't tell he was an ambassador. . . . We've got our life savings in this place, and the main part of our trade is Southern truck drivers."

Mrs. Merritt's statements, whatever else one might say about them, touched on the principal worry of the restaurant-owners: the fear of loss of business unless all or nearly all of the eating places would agree as a group to change their discriminatory policy. At any rate, that is the way it was done. After months of persuasion from the State Department and other interested agencies, and in the face of a threat from CORE to take one thousand Freedom Riders down the highway, forty-two of sixty-five U.S. 40 eating places agreed to integrate and have already made good on their word. The holdouts are expected to fall in line too, with or without pressure from CORE and other sources.

THIS IS good news, unquestionably. Any advance in the Negro's effort to win his full rights must be an occasion for thanksgiving. But at the same time it is a bitter thing that Negroes in this country are to be granted this fundamental right to human dignity only after such struggle, only after intervention by the White House and the State Department, only after the issue was forced by CORE's Freedom Riders. It is a bitter thing for American Negroes to realize that the strongest motive for action in this affair by the U.S. government was undoubtedly foreign policy considerations. It is a bitter thing that the freedom of Negro Americans to buy themselves a cup of coffee should be the "Story of the Week" in a national magazine.

In fact, in many ways the littleness of the right won on Route 40 and the volume of fanfare over it only serve to underscore the enormity of the injustices which continue to be perpetrated against the Negro. These are the less public forms of discrimination, subtler and more efficient, which work to keep the Negro poor, ill-housed, ill-trained, even politically disenfranchised.

On this score, we in the North have no grounds whatever for any feelings of righteousness. In most Northern communities there is not much public

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clamor about racial discrimination; there are no sit-ins, no Freedom Rides. The Negro in the North for the most part enjoys equality in the eyes of local government, in the use of public facilities, in certain formal and symbolic respects. Since this is so, since there is little or no public agitation on questions of race relations, all too many Northerners are content to say that their communities have no problem. But they are wrong. If racial injustice is not a matter of public concern in their communities, it is simply because there are no Negroes in these communities or because no one is raising any clamor. And both of these explanations carry their own burdens of guilt and culpability.

If there are no Negroes in our placid, comfortable Northern communities, it is because they have been effectively excluded either by housing restrictions or by the long chain of economic, educational and other discriminatory practices which chain them to, at best, second-class homes, second-class jobs, second-class schools. And if there is no public clamor in these communities on the issue of racial injustice, it is largely due to the selfishness and moral torpor of those who "have no problem."

While people like this may not be guilty of active and overt discrimination against those of other races, they are responsible for tolerating and participating indirectly in patterns of injustice that are no less vicious for being hidden and extra-legal. Southern whites may lend themselves to the evil of racism in the face of threats of actual violence, damaging economic reprisal and social ostracism—and many Southern whites have braved these consequences in speaking and acting according to their Christian convictions. How much more culpable are those who cooperate with racial inequity on the meanest and most trivial grounds—out of simple sloth, or selfishness, or a reluctance to suffer even an inconvenience.

The "victory" of Route 40 must be no more than a spur for all Americans to rouse themselves to the much larger, more stubborn and more scandalous racial injustices which are still imposed on those who have dark skins. For Christians especially, and particularly now on the eve of Christmas, the integration of these few restaurants should only evoke a new dedication to "the calling with which you were called. . . . For you were once darkness, but now you are light in the Lord."

The Congo Stakes

UNDENIABLY one effect of the surge of nationalism sweeping the colonial world is that many peoples are attaining independence without the requisite experience in self-government. The fault is primarily that of colonial powers in failing to foresee political liberation or adequately prepare native leaders for it. These powers compounded this failure by boundary agreements between themselves that cut right through tribal territories. As a result there is great danger in Africa today that political chaos will ensue because of the inability of new governments to keep ancient tribal enmities in check and make a going concern of new nations with artificial boundaries.

It is widely recognized that the prestige of the United Nations is at stake in the Congo. An outmanned U.N. force seeks to prevent the secession of Katanga (and if successful, perhaps later to deal with the dissident Gizenga forces in Stanleyville). The U.N. seeks unity, economic stability and peace for the Congo despite the undeniably separatist sentiments of many Katangese. What is less widely realized is how much the future of Africa is also at stake there. If the U.N. succeeds in spite of the remnants of white colonialism and tribal animosities, a stable Congo federation could serve as a model for other emerging African nations. If the Congo falls apart, chaos will inevitably spread.

Two Pilot Programs

ONE of the most convincing points John F. Kennedy made in his whole campaign was the connection between a steadily growing economy, in which all elements of the American people had their just share, and our success in the cold war. Since he has taken office the President's efforts to remedy America's social ills and revive the national economy have seldom made the headlines. And if the economy is gradually gaining momentum, it appears to be due largely to increased defense orders. Yet the Kennedy Administration still has steady national economic growth as one of its prime objectives.

Within the past few months two important projects have made promising starts. The first of these, being tried out in West Virginia and several other distress areas, involves retraining displaced workers. For applicants who demonstrate sufficient aptitude, a maximum of sixteen weeks training is provided with pay at twenty-three dollars a week. Instruction is given in repairing autos and small appliances, in stenography, typing, salesmanship, restaurant work and nursing aid. Most of the West Virginia registrants are former coal miners.

One sampling of those who have completed the courses which West Virginia itself has been conducting since 1959 showed that seven out of ten trainees secured jobs within three months.

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Secondly, a new Administration food stamp plan is being tried in eight key distress areas. In Fayette County, Pa., another coal mining district, where one in four able-bodied workers is unemployed, three-quarters of the eligible households are participating. After four months, approval comes from every quarter—families with more nourishing diets, stores with more business, even the local banks that cash or credit the food stamps.

Families without income get the stamps free; those with low incomes may buy the stamps on a graduated scale at below face value. Both present the food stamps at their local store for the widest range of nourishing foods (not for tobacco, liquor, pet food or household supplies).

In the Detroit area, where the largest of these stamp projects is underway, the most baffling thing is that only half the families eligible are taking part in the program. Enthusiasm among the participants is general, with the strong feeling that this method safeguards self-respect and human dignity. The Department of Agriculture, which ultimately redeems the stamps, has yet to report on the program's effect in moving surpluses of meat, poultry, dairy products, fruits and vegetables. No doubt it has to be coordinated with substantial shipments to needy foreign lands. But the evidence from the program's first few months indicates that here is a very sound method of surplus food distribution.

Anatomy of Terror

IF ANY MORAL is, at the moment, to be drawn from the Algerian war it is this: extremism breeds extremism, terror breeds terror. Were France a country without a grand tradition of adherence to reason, to democracy, and to fair play, the moral would be a less painful one. It is painful precisely for the reason that the terrorism which now engulfs France and Algeria contradicts all those values which Frenchmen hold so dear. It becomes still more painful, indeed frightening, when one realizes that even the most cherished national values can be confounded by a minority of determined men.

It would be comforting if it were possible to dismiss the plastic bombs, the lynchings, the wild, destructive mobs, and the secret organizations, as things which could happen only in France. But one does not need, as in France, a tottering colonial empire. Nor does one necessarily need a frustrated and rebellious group of Army officers siding with a scared group of *colons*. All one needs, it would appear, is a radically sharp polarization of national opinion with a group at each extreme blinded by its own reading of national honor.

Extremism, to be sure, can appear in many forms, some troublesome but harmless, others dangerous and evil. The one thing that appears to trigger the dangerous kind is the formation of secret organizations: organizations which cut themselves off from common values and resort to clandestine methods to gain their point. In Algeria recently the Secret Army Organization (O.A.S.) has sought to forestall any French agreement with the F.L.N. In method, there is little to choose between Moslem extremists and the O.A.S. Now there is a report that still another secret organization has come into existence, one that will wage underground war against the O.A.S. Its methods? It will match terror with terror.

But what, one asks, has happened to the moderates in Algeria and France? Why are extremist organizations effective when the majority of men abhor the tactics they use? A simple answer is that, being secret, there is little that can be done about them. Another explanation might run as follows: "The significance of recent developments is simply that, in a time of deep crisis, the moderates are most willing to go along with, and be carried by, the extremists."

This latter explanation, however, was not meant to apply to the French situation at all. It was part of a report on the American right-wing trend prepared for the Fund for the Republic. Yet it does apply to both situations: it is a generalization which cuts across national boundaries. Add to this the fact that in America we have our own secret organizations, our own disgruntled Army officers, our own fringe group of patriots determined that the country shall be preserved from enemies within, and—Well, what does one get?

One certainly does not get a perfect parallel or anything close to it. One gets at most hints and suggestions, vague similarities and nebulous identities. Happily, that is all one can find. But the France of December 1961 stands as a patent lesson: a lesson in the anatomy of extremism and terror.

Next Week

JEROME TAYLOR writes in the Christmas issue on the relationship between Catholics and Jews today: "Jewish-Catholic dialogue, if it is to exist, must rest upon the joint agreement to accept each other as persons who have sought or are seeking to recognize and acknowledge the word and will of God as best they may, with fear and with rejoicing; as persons who meet on a vital and personal level and under the eye of God to exchange, in mutual respect, the commitments they have made in their religious quest."

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Studying the Schools

I WAS PLEASED to read that the Carnegie foundation has made a $350,000 grant for the study of Catholic elementary and secondary education in the United States. One thing at least was made clear by the recent national debate on federal aid to education, and this was that we could all profit from simply knowing more about Catholic schools—what they do and what they don't do, where they succeed and where they fail.

These days all schools are under pressure, but since 1900 enrollment in the parochial schools has increased more than six times, while enrollment in the public schools has gone up 2.3 times. Whether others dislike the idea of parochial schools or not, the fact is that there are more than five million children attending them. To me, one of the most distressing things about the debate over federal aid was the way in which it quickly became a matter of group pressure and counter-pressure, with little thinking and even little information on the basic question of what kind of education these five million American children are getting and what the prospects are for the future.

That is why I welcome the news of the Carnegie grant, which will be administered by the University of Notre Dame. Although the actual director of the study has not yet been chosen, the guidance committee for the project will consist of Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., president of Notre Dame, Monsignor Frederick G. Hochwalt, executive secretary of the National Catholic Educational Association, and Dr. George N. Shuster, one-time managing editor of The Commonweal who retired last year as president of Hunter College. These are all busy men, but the three-year project should be well worth their efforts.

It is not only non-Catholics who do not know enough about Catholic schools; it is Catholics. The facts are just not there. Are Catholic schools in some areas markedly inferior to public schools? Are the usually larger classes a great handicap to learning, or do they, as has been rather improbably suggested, provide an incentive to teacher and student alike?

The list of questions that could be asked is almost endless. How much progress has there been in improving educational standards? Are many of our religious teachers being asked to carry an impossible teaching load while they themselves try to finish their own education? How do the children from parochial schools compare on objective tests with children from public schools?

I hope those who devise the study will be able to supply some factual data to questions Catholics are beginning to ask with increasing frequency. If it is possible, I'd like to see some attention paid to the relationship between the school and the quality of parish life. I would suspect very strongly that this is crucial and that efforts in the school to improve the level of religious education will not help much if the parish itself is twenty or thirty years behind the times.

At the same time I wish it were possible for us to determine the actual effect of what in some places passes for "the integration of religion and life." I've seen texts which teach children to spell Monsignor early in life, but it would be nice to know that they actually end up with Catholic attitudes on more basic questions. I am all for the integration of religion and life, but I am dubious that it can be achieved simply by inserting a little "religion" in everything from spelling to arithmetic.

Then, too, I'd like to see the study produce some light on a point that is being argued more and more often: in those areas which are not able to manage both, would shifting our major attention to high school education be better than sticking to the elementary system? So far the discussion on this point has been heated enough, but nobody on either side has much in the way of facts to go on.

It is said, for example, that areas without Catholic elementary schools have far fewer religious vocations. Is this true? (This is, of course, not the same as asking if more religious vocations come out of Catholic schools in those areas where half the Catholic children attend religious schools and half public schools, as I presume they do.) How do Catholic attitudes and Catholic practice compare between those who attended Catholic schools and those who did not? Again, of course, the investigators will have to compare not children in the same geographical area but children from an area where Catholic schools are available and those from areas where they are not.

And what about the relationship between school and family? In how many areas do parents actually have something to say about the way the schools are run? What success are we having in turning Catholic schools into projects in which the family feels itself involved in more than a financial sense—with a consequent educational effect on adults as well as children?

I don't think whoever directs the study will have any trouble finding enough questions. Getting the answers will be harder, of course, as there are always people who regard asking a question as a prelude to attack. Here the project will be made easier if those in the schools remember one thing: questions reflect concern. The only people I know who have no questions about the system are those who just don't care about religious education.

JAMES O'GARA

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Until Now Conservatives Formed the Court's First Line of Defense

The Court and Its Critics

WALTER DEAN BURNHAM

THIS YEAR the Supreme Court is again the target of attack from the political right, as it has been for several years past. The John Birch Society is currently offering prizes for the essay which gives the most convincing reasons for the impeachment of Chief Justice Earl Warren. Mr. Brent Bozell has recently examined the merits of this proposal with the utmost seriousness for the clientele of the *National Review*. Most of the rest of us might console ourselves about such attacks on the Justices by assuming them to be the usual fulminations of the extreme right. Yet any review of the recent conflict between the Court and its critics reveals that these are but the latest indications of a pervasive conservative alienation from that tribunal.

The extent of this alienation may perhaps be gauged by reciting a list of groups which favored one or more of the major "Court-curbing" proposals before Congress in 1957-59, or which launched major attacks on the Warren Court in their own right. These included, of course, virtually all Southern leaders following the momentous segregation decision of 1954. But they also included the overwhelming majority of the Republican membership of both Houses of Congress, the American Legion and a host of lesser patriotic organizations, the Chamber of Commerce, the American Farm Bureau Federation, the American Bar Association, a heavy majority of the 1958 Conference of State Chief Justices, and other group and individual leaders of conservative and professional opinion. These latter groups were in the main mobilized into overt hostility by the Court's 1956-58 decisions favoring political offenders and their civil liberties claims.

To be sure, very few of these groups were as ideologically or as consistently hostile to the Warren Court as the hard core of its critics from the radical right; nor did all of them support every measure designed to clip its wings. But the undercurrent of more or less acute conservative disaffection is unmistakably there. Among other things it finds expression in the sour view found among so many businessmen today that "It pays to be a Negro or a Communist these days if you want to get a favorable decision from the Supreme Court."

This is, historically, a very peculiar development indeed. Throughout virtually all of its history the Supreme Court has looked to the conservatives of bench, bar and business as its first line of defense in the political community; and these conservatives, for both theoretical and practical reasons, have almost invariably been more than willing to assume that role. The disappearance of this working relationship during the past twenty years is intimately related to the deep crisis now confronting the Supreme Court in its traditional role as expounder of the living Constitution and balance-wheel of the political system.

If the configuration of political forces swirling around the Court is novel, however, the existence of controversy about its role and its decisions emphatically is not. On the average, such controversy has exploded into the open about once a generation since the first decade of the Republic. The Jeffersonians, the Jacksonian Democrats, Lincoln and the emergent forces of Republicanism in the 1850's, legal and political progressives at the turn of the century, and New Dealers of the 1930's all had harsh words to say about the evils of the Court's "struggle for judicial supremacy." Nor did these emergent forces stop at harsh words. Each had its own programs for "curbing the Court": reversal of decisions by constitutional amendment and by Act of Congress, impeachment of the Justices themselves (this is nothing new in our history), recall of judges by popular vote, withdrawal of the Court's appellate jurisdiction to hear cases at all, and, of course, proposals to secure changes in the pattern of its decisions through "Court-packing."

THE REASONS for these periodic political storms over the Court are not far to seek. In the first place, the division of labor in our political system has given the Court the ultimate power to invoke constitutional limitations on the power of government to govern and to give definitive judgments on what the Constitution commands and prohibits. This means, in de Tocqueville's perceptive phrase, that "Scarcely any question arises in the United States which does not become, sooner or

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later, a subject of judicial debate." But such questions and debates are by their very nature political in the most far-reaching sense of that term. The Court's function forces it to take sides on the most significant issues of the day.

Yet its actual freedom to take sides and the effectiveness of its choices are severely limited by two anomalies which have never been resolved: the existence of judicial power, formally oligarchic, in a political culture heavily dominated by the democratic consent principle; and the ambiguity in the Constitution itself which gives Congress almost complete power over both the size and jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. What this means is that the Court has tremendous powers to mold the shape of political and constitutional alternatives until or unless public opinion arrives at a settled consensus. When that happens the Court has no practical choice but to yield to the consensus or precipitate a constitutional crisis.

The second major cause of the periodic antagonisms between the Court and its political constituency flows from the first. It is during a period of transition toward a new public consensus about some fundamental political question that the emergent political forces involved are most apt to find the Supreme Court lying directly athwart their path. Down through the 1930's every one of these emergent political forces was "leftist" or "liberal" for its time. In every one of the resultant conflicts between these forces and the Court, the latter—fortified by the political and legal lag which life tenure tends to give it—was cast in the role of defender of the passing order. To be sure, the Court was usually forced sooner or later to make some accommodations to these new liberalizing currents in our political culture. Yet until the New Deal era neither the general socio-economic biases of the Justices, the effectiveness of their juridical defense of private property rights against governmental restrictions, nor the substance of their power over legislation were fundamentally or permanently affected. Nor, for that matter, was the continuing and vitally important support which most of the business and professional elites gave the Court in its conservative undertaking.

THE RADICAL change in the relationship between the Supreme Court and the conservative community during the past generation merits particular scrutiny in the light of this background. There are several developments which seem to be responsible. The first is the fact that the Court itself has undergone a decisive change in its attitudes toward socio-economic issues. Since about 1940 a stable—and from time to time a large—majority of the Justices have broadly shared the liberal economic outlook which is associated with the New Deal. This majority, made up today of the Chief Justice and Justices Black, Douglas, Brennan and Clark, has been at the very least not particularly friendly to the claims of the large corporations which dominate our national economic life, either in its constitutional interpretations or in its construction of the meaning of federal statutes.

Not since 1936 has a congressional statute regulating the economic life of the nation been declared unconstitutional. Nor is there any prospect that such statutes will be declared void in the foreseeable future. As its recent decisions in the *Du Pont* and *Parke-Davis* cases make clear, the Warren Court is not prone to agree with corporate interpretations of the meaning of the antitrust laws. The Supreme Court, once the most persistently conservative branch of government, has clearly become the most consistently liberal during the past generation.

The business-professional community, as always acutely sensitive to changes in the governmental power structure which directly affect its interests, was not slow to recognize that a revolutionary, permanent change in judicial attitudes had taken place in the wake of the New Deal and to draw appropriate conclusions from that fact. As long ago as 1939, President Hogan of the American Bar Association observed that, "The conclusion to be drawn from all of this is that reliance against the exercise of arbitrary power must be placed by the people henceforth in the legislative rather than in the judicial department of the National Government."

Several important changes flowed from this realization and from the massive reorientation of political forces which developed in the aftermath of the New Deal era. 1939 was the first year in which the Conservative Coalition in Congress—a phenomenon unknown as little as two years earlier—rose to the position of dominance in congressional decision-making which it has enjoyed uninterruptedly ever since. Concurrent with this development was a decline almost to the vanishing point of conservative efforts to persuade public opinion that the Court and its decisions were sacrosanct. It is not surprising that the business community proved to be neutral, where not overtly hostile to the Court, when the great "Court-curbing" battle in Congress reached its climax in 1958.

Far from accepting the Court's economic decisions as either final or beyond criticism, business leaders have repeatedly urged Congress since 1940 either to amend or to nullify the effect of many of these decisions by legislation. In a surprisingly large number of cases Congress, under Coalition control, has readily complied with these promptings—so much so that today one of its more significant but least-known functions is to sit as a kind of Supreme Court of Errors over liberal judicial decisions which affect the economic life of the country. Finally, these have proved to be so widely successful because of the emergence of a massively "conservative mood" in postwar America.

Nor is today's conservative mood limited in its scope to socio-economic issues. The pressures of the Cold War

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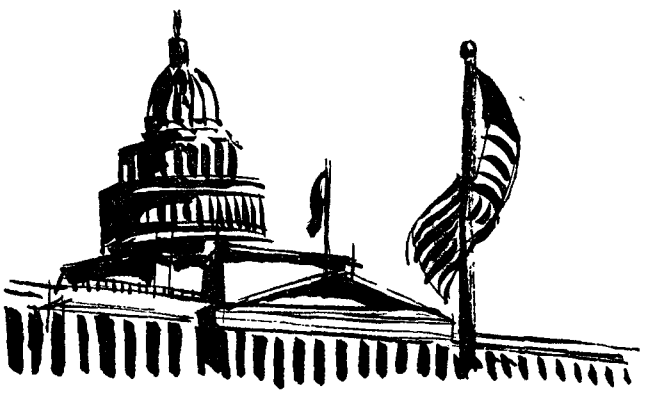
have brought about a partial militarization of American life: the widespread dissemination of a semi-garrison state mentality among public and elite opinion alike, and a correspondingly heavy pressure on the civil-liberty guarantees of the Bill of Rights. That permanent changes in the structure of American opinion seem to have been wrought by the perpetual Cold War is manifest by the very history of the anti-Court upheaval of the late 1950's. The orthodox view of these Eisenhower years has been that they were years of domestic peace—an era of relaxation of the tensions which had been so manifest during the great days of the late Senator McCarthy.

Yet during this period of relaxation the Warren Court handed down a series of civil-liberties decisions whose actual holdings went scarcely beyond a pointed reminder to Congress, the President and the states that there was a Bill of Rights in the Constitution and that they were in serious danger of trampling it underfoot in their uninhibited search for domestic subversives. The resultant political explosion, occurring in the very heart of the supposed calm of the Eisenhower years, is a telling commentary on the pervasiveness of the extreme anxiety which lies just below the surface of our political life.

IT SEEMS FAIR to state that when today's "liberal" Court seeks to defend the constitutional freedom of individuals against undue abridgment by public authority, it remains substantially in the conservative traditions of its predecessors. For the garrison state is not the traditional pattern of the American past. Nor has the consuming quest for total security been in the mainstream of the American political tradition. To provide juridical defense of the legitimate claims of individuals is likewise to defend social interests in a free and pluralist polity—interests which have been traditionally given such weight that the Founders sought to bring them under explicit constitutional protection.

The Court may fail, of course, to bring sufficient wisdom or coherence to its pronouncements on these vital interests. It may at times inject gratuitous *dicta* in its opinions, *dicta* which do not persuade or convince but merely offend. But these all-too-human shortcomings



in no way detract from the Court's constitutional conservatism in defending quite traditional individual liberties against enormous pressures for their abridgment by legislation, executive order and investigation. It is ironic indeed that this constitutional conservatism should meet with such lack of understanding, indifference and outright hostility from those who profess to be conservatives; ironic, but not in the least surprising.

The Supreme Court faces quite special problems in its conservative defense of the values of a pluralist society, above and beyond those already discussed. By its very nature, judicial defense of property rights necessarily involved the defense of minorities which enjoyed elite status and the constitutional values which their claims in court embodied. The prestige of these minorities was high in a business civilization, and—at least until the great depression—the bulk of those who did not enjoy this high social status were prepared to accept the constitutional claims of those who did as legitimate.

But by its very nature, judicial defense of individual civil liberties concerns itself with a very different kind of person—with the Southern Negro, the Communist or suspected Communist, the man who may have been convicted of crime with something less than due process of law, the missionary for Jehovah's Witnesses, the resident alien. It is most unusual for the "solid citizen" to have cause to complain of police brutality, of deprivation of the right to counsel in criminal proceedings, or of public infringements on his freedoms of speech, association or assembly. Civil-liberties problems almost always involve those who deviate markedly from the middle-class norm in politics, religion or skin pigmentation. Such individuals or groups almost invariably have extremely low or nonexistent social status. They are most likely to be, in Edmond Cahn's striking phrase, "consumers of injustice."

There is very little political mileage to be gained by defending such people. Their minimal social status means, among other things, that they are largely powerless to use the normal machinery of the political process to defend themselves. Their deviant social values tend to be regarded by the rest of the community as at best unwelcome and at worst positively subversive. Their high social visibility and their political impotence alike mark them as ideal targets for community scapegoat-hatred when tensions rise. If these tensions become sufficiently acute, anyone defending the scapegoat's rights in the name of the rule of law or for any other reason is apt to be the subject of parallel attacks. So it is with the Court when it seeks to defend the social values bound up in the rights of the civil liberties claimant from the passions of the moment.

The average man—even the intelligent layman—is quite apt to miss these underlying social values and

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see only that "that Court" has let off a political offender or a criminal again. This is particularly likely to occur under the awesome pressures of the present era when naked survival seems to be at stake.

Thus the Supreme Court labors on, its conservative function perhaps more poorly understood by the public than at any time in its earlier history. It would be idle to deny, of course, that the Justices themselves have frequently contributed substantially to this misunderstanding. But the alarming decline in the public's support for or comprehension of what the Nine Men are trying to do has much deeper roots than this. For the first time in our history, the emergent forces attacking the Court are not liberal forces. They are deeply conservative if not openly reactionary.

If these forces really are "emergent" and not transitory—that is, if they are able to win an economically conservative, politically securitarian consensus within the structure of public opinion—their triumph would easily rank with the three or four decisive events in American history. The effects of such a victory on the structure of government and the scope of effective individual freedom would be literally incalculable; and it seems hard to doubt that they would generally fit the usual pattern by which a political system under severe stress evolves into a garrison state. There is, of course, no certainty that this is what the future holds in store for us. But looking at the nature and scope of the present struggle around the Warren Court, one can only wonder.

"Mater et Magistra" in Latin America

First, the Land

DOUGLAS HYDE

DURING the discussion which ended each day's proceedings at the recent Fifth International Catholic Rural Life Congress, in Los Teques, Venezuela, a delegate one night asked, "What is the attitude of the Church toward land reform?" As usual, there were several bishops sitting in the front row. One of these at once jumped to his feet and replied, "That question need not be asked. There is not a bishop in all Latin America today who does not stand four-square behind land reform."

As the applause which greeted it showed, this unequivocal statement caught the mood of the Congress. If one wished to be captious, there could no doubt be found exceptions here and there in Latin America to prove that it was too sweeping. But the important thing is that it could be said and that delegates from practically every Latin American country responded enthusiastically to it.

If today there are more who think along such lines, some at least of the credit should go to the International Rural Life Congresses, organized by the National Catholic Rural Life Conference of the United States. Six years ago, there were wealthy Catholics, landowners and others, who were prepared to think in terms of remedial charity—such as the donating of money for beans and rice to those who might otherwise have no Christmas dinner. Very few thought in terms of preventive charity. Still less knew anything of its modern manifestations, such as producers' cooperatives and credit unions. Social and economic betterment, insofar as they were anyone's concern, were the concern of politicians rather than Christians.

The character of the Los Teques Congress was deeply influenced by Pope John XXIII's social encyclical *Mater et Magistra* which provided the title and the theme of the congress. It did much more than this. It enabled those attending to tread more surely, and prompted them to speak with greater certainty and enthusiasm as they discussed ways and means by which rural problems may be solved in the underdeveloped areas. Since this was, I suppose, the first international Catholic congress concerning itself with social problems since *Mater et Magistra* the impact it seems clearly to have made is worth recording. It has made those Catholics active in the social apostolate in Latin America feel, especially in its emphasis on under-developed areas, that the encyclical is directed to them in particular.

THAT THE CHURCH was fully behind the Congress was evident from the names of those associated with its organization. As usual, the moving spirit was Monsignor Luigi Ligutti, the Holy See's Permanent Observer to the Food and Agriculture Organization. The local organizing was done under the sympathetic and active supervision of the Papal Nuncio, Archbishop Luigi Dadaglio. There were never less than three or four bishops present

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throughout the long proceedings which lasted for 12 or even 14 hours a day because of the enthusiasm with which every issue was debated.

Also significant was the fact that the Venezuelan Government made its sympathy with the aims and purposes of the Congress apparent. Not only did the congress end with a closing speech from Don Romulo Betancourt, President of the Republic, but one of the lectures of greatest interest came from the Minister of Agriculture, Dr. Giménez Landinez. For his part, Dr. Landinez has played an active role in all three of the International Catholic Rural Life congresses held in Latin American. When I first met him at the Panama congress his country was ruled by dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez —there was no question at that time of this liberal-minded Christian democrat being given a Ministry.

As a member of the Betancourt Government he has initiated and continues to be responsible for his country's land reform. He consciously based it on the Catholic social principles which have been discussed at Rural Life congresses. In his lecture, the Minister stated bluntly that "He who does not work the land has no right to possess it." Drawing on *Mater et Magistra* for support, Dr. Landinez defended the State's right to intervene in order to make possible the realization of man's right to cultivate the soil, even though he admitted that intervention was taken too far in the early days of the reform. But he stressed also the genuine difficulties which confront any Minister who attempts in such conditions to bring even the best of land reforms from paper down to the level of the soil itself.

I was reminded of this when a few days after the ending of the Congress I was motoring from Caracas to Valencia. The Venezuelan capital is high in the Andes, but still higher mountains climb up away from it on every side. Our journey began, therefore, with a winding uphill road, then down again on the other side until we reached the fertile valleys and plains where crops can grow. For miles the great modern highway, built by dictator Jiménez, ran beside a single well-cultivated estate. It seemed never ending. But it was not, in fact, difficult to identify its boundary. Where this enormous piece of landed property ended, the land reform began. I was glad to see the great board which proudly announced that the poor soil with its inferior crops had been acquired and distributed under the government's land reform, for not long ago no such projects existed at all. I might have felt that the agrarian revolution had really begun had the board been situated five or ten miles back.

While Dr. Landinez's address attracted considerable attention, the most concrete work was done by the three special commissions set up by the Congress. They were concerned with family life and education, industry and agriculture, and co-operatives. Understandably, it was from the last of these that immediate organizational results were obtained. The most striking, perhaps, was the decision to establish a federation of Venezuelan co-operatives and credit unions. Although the movement is new in Venezuela, already some 50 societies have been established under the guidance of priests and laymen. The co-operative movement should be further strengthened by a new Catholic college to be established in Costa Rica for the purpose of instructing people from all over Latin America in the work of credit unions, producers' and consumers' co-operatives. One of its aims will be to teach the philosophy out of which this form of activity grows, and without which such movements can quickly lose their original Christian inspiration and become entirely materialistic in their purpose.

Naturally enough, the growing threat of Communism was discussed. With the Communist Party leading campaigns against the latifundia and for land reform in almost every country of Latin America this subject was entirely relevant to the purpose of the Congress. The approach of those attending it was reflected in the response which came, in the end, to pleas for positive answers at grass-root level and the insistence that denunciation is not enough. That fear of Communism underlies some of the current interest in social betterment need not be denied. The impact of Cuba upon the thinking of Latin Americans of both right and left is very noticeable. The frustration felt at the ignominious defeat of the attempted invasion, the arrival and absorption of large numbers of Cuban refugees and their militantly anti-Communist activities in the countries to which they have gone, have combined to produce a greater awareness of Communism both within the Church and outside it.

ONE CONSEQUENCE has been a hardening of attitudes on both sides. Venezuela is itself a case in point. There the Communist Party is growing both in numbers and in influence. Some forty per cent of the population of Latin America, it is said, are under the age of fifteen. Very wisely the Communists are concentrating upon youth, not only students in the universities (where they are remarkably strong) but among the high school children too. In mock elections held in the capital's high schools last year the Communists topped the polls in most cases. As a consequence it is said of the boys' and

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girls' preoccupation with pro- and anti-Communist activity, the examination results were the worst in years.

The morale of the Latin American Communists is high. Their party has never been more confident that success is not far ahead. For them, Cuba's revolution is the working model of how it should be done. It is the proof that any country in this region can now go Communist without waiting for the development of the classical revolutionary situation, or even until the Communist Party itself is strong enough to exploit it. The danger is heightened by the evidence to be found in the speeches and documents of the Party leaders which shows that they are thinking more in terms of violence today than they have done for years. In Colombia, Guatemala and Ecuador they openly discuss those situations in which they would feel called upon to raise guerrilla armies and launch into civil war. In the past, such enterprises seemed hopeless if only because, in the event of their success, it could be assumed that their big neighbor to the north would intervene and put down any Communist regime which might be established. For the Communists, Cuba demonstrates that Russia is powerful enough today to support and maintain Communist regimes thousands of miles distant from Moscow.

Side by side with the growth of Communism goes that of anti-Communism. Anti-Communist organizations, often headed or inspired by those who have suffered under Communism in Cuba, or who have fled from it, spring up in all directions. It is a sad reflection on our times that the introduction of many Latin Americans to democratic political activity is through anti-Communism. But this, in most cases, is not working class activity.

Typical of the new organizations is the Movimiento anti-Communista Feminino de Venezuela. This organisation of young women from well-to-do families recently persuaded advertisers and advertising agencies to withdraw their advertisements from *El Nacional*, an old-established paper of liberal tradition into which Communists had infiltrated and whose owners were pro-Castro and held to be pro-Communist. Under pressure from members of socially and politically powerful families the advertisements were withdrawn, and circulation slumped to such an extent that the paper had to be reduced in size and some of its staff laid off. This has been greeted as a victory in the fight against Communism by some; as an attack upon the freedom of the press which may some day boomerang on those responsible, by others. It was certainly a successful operation.

More difficult, as the organization's leaders freely admit, is the task of finding something more constructive for these eager and likable young women to do. The suggestion that they might, for example, sell literature on the streets made many recoil in horror. Their husbands or parents are of the class, which, in Latin America, simply would not permit this type of thing. The same objections would no doubt be raised to their going to the destitute people of the slums (there are 300,000 around Caracas alone) to assist their education, or to do catechetical work among them. It would seem even more unreal to suggest that they might teach them how to organize credit unions.

Yet they have shown themselves to be a political force in a not-too-secure democracy and may continue to affect its course and development. Given the opportunity to break away from accepted conventions they might, as a keen and educated group, do much good. But for this to be possible new attitudes are required on the part of the larger group from which they come. It is easier to get members of a deeply entrenched possessing class to put their hands into their pockets to produce insurance premiums against Communism than to get them to take up new attitudes.

The International Catholic Rural Life congresses have shown that there are some who are ready to do this and others who, given a positive lead, may recognize the urgency of the situation and do the same. For the mass of the underpriviledged people the need for solutions to economic and social problems is urgent. Too often in the past it has seemed that "only the Communists care." The sort of thinking and activity set in motion at Los Teques is aimed at proving that this is not so.

Metaphysical Note

The attitude of knowledge
is contemplative, I heard
a wise man say, while that of
love affective: the first grasps
objects how it may, as it
holds to the intellect the
forsythia's gold spire for
count of weight or measure. But
in a causality that
is not motion love moves through
places of wonder bearing
its ineffable burden
in the dance of a wind that
whirls all being toward its end.

And the glad lover, made new
and other in the flawless
configuration of his
beloved, felicitous-
ly exists with spring in his
hand—when gold as Virgil's are
all boughs, and every sea
is blue as the Aegean.

SISTER M. THERESE

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The Civil War Centennial

Red, White and Blue-Gray

WALKER PERCY

ON IT GOES, the second Civil War, hundreds of books, millions of words, dozens of Pickett's charges. Yet the "war" has only just started. There are four more years of it.

Many people are already bored with it. Some are uneasy about it. Yet it continues to be a literary Comstock lode. If a writer doesn't want to take on the whole War, or a campaign, or even a general, he can still browse around and take his choice among an assortment of goodies, like the Cruise of the Alabama or the War in Idaho, write a book, have a good time doing it and stand a good chance of making money, which is more than most novelists can say.

There is a paradox about current Civil War Centennial literature. It commemorates mainly the fighting, the actual front-line killing—which was among the bloodiest and bitterest in modern history. Yet it is all very good-natured. Illinois historians say nice things about Forrest; Mississippians, if not Georgians, speak well of Sherman.

In the popular media the War is so friendly that the fighting is made to appear as a kind of sacrament of fire by which one side expresses its affection for the other. After skirting the Civil War for years—showing a few bushwhackers or jayhawkers in Kansas or a skirmish or two in Santa Fe—television finally took the plunge and put on the War itself, taking care first to turn it into a love match. In "The Americans" the only bad blood is between good Yankees and bad Yankees, good rebels and scalawags. The fighting itself is either scanted or, when it does take place, it consists mainly of chivalric gestures toward the enemy: Yankees catch a young reb on his first patrol and slip him back through the lines so he won't disgrace the family name. Yet the reconciliation is all to the good, even when it is reinforced by a concern for the Trendex rating in Alabama or Vermont.

Myth requires distance, either in space or time. The TV Western takes place Nowhere. So perhaps that War is still a bit touchy for myth-making. One hundred years may not be enough time. But some day a scriptwriter is going to show a Civil War soldier with but a single thought: he has no trouble with his girl, he is not trying to cover up for his alcoholic colonel, his men are reliable; all he wants to do is kill as many bluebellies (or rebs) as possible—and "Gunsmoke" will be out of business.

BRUCE CATTON treats the War as a kind of mystical experience, a national rite of passage in the course of which a lot of sweaty young men killed each other with unsurpassed dedication and skill and in so doing presided over the re-birth of the American character. No doubt he is right. Something of the sort did happen.

Anyhow, since the War was fought and the time has come to say something on the subject, one might as well put on it the best complexion possible. The Union was saved and though it was by no means a self-evident axiom that the Union should be saved, it is no doubt well that it was (despite some disgruntled liberals who are beginning to wonder whether it was a good idea after all, since it meant keeping the South—like Groucho Marx who dared to wonder whether the show must go on). The slaves were freed and this was a good thing, though they would undoubtedly have been freed anyhow.

But the fighting itself makes for some very good reading. There was a high order of courage and performance on both sides and there is now some very good writing about it.

The South has certain tactical advantages in the present "War" (like the North's industry and population in the first) and has accordingly won a species of literary revenge. The two great figures of the Civil War were Lincoln and Lee, and since most of the literature is about the fighting, Lee is bound to get the better of it. And what with the American preference for good guys and underdogs, and especially underdog good guys, and Lee's very great personal qualities and the undistinguished character of his opponents, and finally the Army of Northern Virginia which was always outnumbered and nearly always won—it looks as if the next hundred years will see the South not only running

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the Senate but taking over the national myth along with it.

There is an innocence about combat. For one thing the soldiers were or anyhow seemed more admirable than the politicians. There is also a finality: somebody wins, somebody loses, and it is over.

But what was settled? The Union was saved for good. The Negro's place in society was supposed to be settled, but it wasn't after all.

THE CENTENNIAL literature may be good-natured, but there is an unease among liberals about the whole business. This is understandable enough, since it derives from the concern that commemoration of that particular sectional division can only damage the current struggle for civil rights. Therefore the less said about the whole thing the better. But such a queasiness would seem to award by default a more ominous significance to the Civil War than it deserves.

It is true that a lot of Confederate flags are being waved in the South. But if it weren't the flag, it would be something else. Racism is no sectional monopoly. Nor was the Confederate flag a racist symbol. But it is apt to be now. The symbol is the same, but the referent has changed. Now when the Stars and Bars flies over a convertible or a speedboat or a citizen's meeting, what it signifies is not a theory of government but a certain attitude toward the Negro.

A peculiarity of civil war is the destruction not only of armies and nations but of ideologies. The words and slogans may remain the same, but they no longer mean the same thing.

There is a great deal to be said for the traditional Southern position on States' Rights. Not being a historian, I don't know what the cause of that War was, whether it was fought purely and simply over slavery, or over States' Rights, or, as Allen Tate once said, because the South didn't want to be put in Arrow collars. Certainly States' Rights once signified a healthy sense of local responsibility.

Nowadays in the South, however, the expression signifies a lack of responsibility, plus a certain attitude toward the Negro. When a politician mentions States' Rights, it's a better than even bet that in the next sentence it will become clear what kind of States' Rights he is talking about. It usually comes down to the right to keep the Negro in his place.

There is another phrase: the Southern Way of Life. Now there was and is such a thing and it had and has nothing to do either with Negroes or with a planter aristocracy. The Northerner can sneer all he wants to, but he didn't have it and never will and doesn't even know what it is. But I don't like to hear the phrase now, A Southern Way of Life, because I know what is coming next. It usually means segregation and very little else. In New Orleans, which has a delightful way of life, the "Southern Way of Life" usually means Let's Keep McDonough No. 6 Segregated.

But the bitterest fruits of defeat are the latter-day defenders of the lost cause. Historians like to contrast the pre-War hotheads like Yancey and Rhett with soldiers like Lee and Grant. But our present-day hotheads are an even sorrier lot, because their heads only get hot around election time.

When Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia laid down the Confederate flag in 1865, no flag had ever been defended by better men. But when the same flag is picked up by men like Ross Barnett and Jimmy Davis, nothing remains but to make panties and pillowcases with it.

STILL AND ALL, there is no need to worry about the reconciliation. It was very largely an Anglo-Saxon war, and Anglo-Saxon has been reconciled to Anglo-Saxon. But to whom is the Negro reconciled?

It is a discouraging fact that after one hundred years there is greater unanimity on the subject of segregation in the South than there ever was on the subject of slavery. Virginia almost abolished slavery before the Civil War. There were all shades of opinion on the question. But now it is impossible to imagine a Sparkman or a Fulbright uttering a simple forthright statement against public segregation—not that I believe that such a statement from Senator Javits or Keating is motivated by a higher brand of political courage.

Yet there is nothing left to be reconciled between North and South. The North did win and did put the South in Arrow collars. The sections are homogenized. Everybody watches the same television programs. In another hundred years everybody will talk like Art Linkletter.

The South has gotten rich and the North has gotten Negroes, and the Negro is treated badly in both places. The Northerners won and freed the slaves and now are fleeing to the suburbs to get away from them.

Here is the Centennial nobody celebrates: the war was fought, to free the slaves according to the North; according to the South, to preserve the Southern way of life which was better for both black and white; a million people were killed, a hundred years have passed, the North and the South are reconciled—and the country has still not made up its mind what to do about the Negro.

THE CENTENNIAL is worth celebrating but there is a ghost at the feast. It is true that one can point to progress in the race problem; progress has been made North and South. But this is not saying much. For it is not gainsaying the embarrassing fact that the Negro is not treated as a man in the North or the South, and if you think the North is better, ask James Baldwin. Setting aside everything else, this state of affairs is an in-

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teresting anomaly in the first and greatest of the revolutionary democracies and the largest and most Christian nation in Christendom (Meridian, Mississippi, has the largest percentage of churchgoers in the world, and Cicero, Illinois is not far behind).

Catton says that we still don't understand the meaning of the Civil War and we have not calculated its impact on history. This is true, and one of the most incalculable effects has been the effect of the sectional division on the Negro.

Sectionalism allows each section to dispense itself by using the other as a scapegoat. The North, after all, freed the slaves and afterwards the Northerner wore an aura of righteousness which he would still be wearing if only the slaves' descendants had stayed in the South. Who would have supposed that a hundred years later Northern cities would have large, undigested and mostly demoralized black ghettos which Conant recently described as the most explosive element of American life?

The South, on the other hand, has always managed to comfort itself by pointing to the hyprocrisy of the North—not realizing that it is a sorry game in which the highest score is a tie: "Look, they're as bad as we are!"

The Northerner is apt to see nothing amiss in moving from uptown Manhattan to Scarsdale to get away from Harlem and deploring Faubus all the way. Southerners talk a great deal about freedom these days, usually freedom to retain segregation. In the South we attend "Christian anti-communist crusades," segregated. Many Southerners really and truly believe that the Communists are behind the movement to get rid of segregation.

The Centennial should be celebrated and it is well that the War is over and a hundred years have passed and the country is stronger than ever. But there could be an even happier issue: perhaps the country will be sufficiently reconciled so that it may one day wake up and face the one intractable problem with which it has been beset from the very beginning. With the country reconciled and with Negroes living in Tucson and Newburgh, it could even happen that the white man will decide what to do about the black man.

AN APPEAL from Africa: A Holy Ghost missioner needs funds for his orphanage in Tanganyika. The number of infants has doubled in a year. Their fathers are sisal workers from the Congo, Urundi and Mozambique, and when mothers die there are no families to fall back on. There is no milk. Half the time when the fathers finally bring their infants to the orphanage it it too late for the Sisters to save them. Contributions to his "Building and Food Fund" may be sent to Father Hubert A. Egelmeers, C.S.P., P.O. Box 640, Morogoro, Tanganyika, East Africa. (Airmail 25c)

THE STAGE

Reflections at Midterm

MY DICTIONARY defines a critic first as "a person skilled in judging the qualities or merits of some class of things, esp. of literary or artistic works," and then as "one who judges captiously or with severity; one who censures or finds fault." If I sometimes feel that I am swallowed up in the second definition more completely than in the first, I am comforted by the knowledge that for a drama critic of reasonable integrity there is simply no way of behaving more agreeably today. If anything, you have all you can do to keep from some act of total misanthropy, from letting your disgust at the continual degradation of the theater's possibilities turn you into a machine that can only mutter no, no, no, forever.

If occasionally we still say yes, it is because sometimes in the suburbs of this moribund city of the theater, more rarely in its center, something living is to be seen. Off-Broadway, for all its clumsiness, bungled opportunities and decrepit attire, and despite the paradox that it is at the same time rapidly acquiring some of the higher-level vices of its parent, still offers us most of what is vital and true on our stages. The lines it keeps open stretch back to the past and forward to whatever future there is for drama. Barring the Old Vic or a similar company, you won't see a single revival on Broadway this season, nor will you see anything revolutionary and unprecedented, unless, like "The Caretaker" it happens to possess ancillary qualities of a negotiable kind—obvious humor, an aura of easy profundity, or a queerness that can be read as sublimity.

What this situation means to the writer of periodical opinion on the drama, if not so much to the sequestered critic with the long view out his window, is that his task is complicated by psychological and social pressures of considerable weight. At best, his work is more difficult than that of the commentator on literature or painting, since he is involved, to an extent they are not, in a complex event unfolding immediately before and around him, full of vagaries, imponderables, adventitious facts and physical ambushes. But with a theater that lies more than it tells the truth and that offends more than it pleases, how is he to bring the necessary steadfastness to the exercise of his judgment?

For most of us are unhappy in the role of Jeremiah; we would much rather sing a new song. And what this leads to is a relaxation of critical standards, greatest among the daily reviewers—where indeed there exist only the most infirm standards to relax—but to be met with in more serious quarters. We become oppressed by the negations we make, finding ourselves in the position of men who can never hold their peace at

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weddings. That the bride and groom are clearly not made for each other becomes at some point an intolerable observation to have to make, and we seize upon any chance to let the ceremony take place. One or two acceptable qualities, something plausible or inoffensive, and we join in the congratulations.

My review of "The Caretaker" was an example, if not of indulgence of mediocrity, then of too much praise for what is really only an interesting movement towards a revivified drama of essences and fundamentals. The animadversions I did make concerned the play's eclecticism and failure to maintain a consistent style; but what limits it more seriously is its lack of solid artifacts, its refusal of physicality at the same time as its adventures in language are not stringent enough. Samuel Beckett can get away with static situations because of his residence in a new country of the spoken word and his investment of *inaction* with ironic meanings; but Harold Pinter is not yet at these levels.

"A Man for All Seasons" is the other occasion upon which my weariness with opposing stances got the better of me. On reflection the play seems to me thin and attenuated, impelled by a conventional urgency, however laudable, and circumscribed by a dramatic imagination which will not risk breaking new ground. In this case, what led me astray was the seductiveness of Paul Scofield's performance. We are constantly in danger of forgetting that the play's the thing, in the face of acting as inventive and intelligent as Scofield's. And though such performances have of course their own beauty and justification, in witnessing them we are at best in the presence of only one element of the drama's total life, raised in cases such as this to a compensatory function.

AFTER PURGATION, the firing-line again. The season has been swollen by the arrival of two more Broadway productions, one a middle-brow exercise in foreshortened philosophy and psychology, issuing from a context of melodrama, the other a "sex-comedy" which is a true abomination. Morris L. West's "Daughter of Silence" isn't really too bad if you don't mind having important matters made obvious and unimportant ones made shocking. But "Sunday in New York," Norman Krasna's reprise of "The Moon is Blue," is surely one of the most abject plays that ever unfolded its staggering clichés, rigorous non-life and telephone-booth mentality on any of our stages. The high school class that walked out on it in Washington didn't need any moral reason to make its exit.

But there is hope; something just stirred in the suburbs. I don't believe that I will have second thoughts about "Red Roses for Me," which a dedicated troupe is putting on in the Village. Harold Clurman once wrote, in regard to this play, of O'Casey's "fanatically and explosively honest sensibility," and I don't know how that can be improved upon. The play, which treats the Dublin transport workers' strike of 1913-1914 as a pretext for a vision of heroism and grandeur and a lament for the darkness that rests upon all our eyes, is performed beautifully and in faith, and I have only space to mention Martyn Greene, Ted Van Griethuysen and Rebecca Thompson among the actors.

When they finished, I found myself yelling "Bravo!" for only the second time this year. *(At the Greenwich Mews.)*

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THE SCREEN

Mimsy Were the Borogoves

FOR SOME reason which I've never quite been able to understand, the movie makers choose December to overwhelm us with a sudden rush of new releases. Perhaps year-end inventory, the Christmas trade or Oscar hopes have something to do with this; but in any case the reviewer has to cover more films every December than he has space for; and some of the gems listed below, most of which are suitable for young fry, deserve lengthier consideration. But such are the vicissitudes of life and time and space.

Samuel Bronston, whose uninspired "King of Kings" a couple of months ago became the whipping-boy for the critics' pent-up impatience with Biblical spectacles, has stuck out his tongue at his detractors by producing the year's handsomest movie, "El Cid." No doubt Bronston and his staff were on less controversial ground in dealing with Spain's factual-legendary eleventh-century hero than in telling the Christ story. Scriptwriters Fredric M. Frank and Philip Yordan have written a literate screenplay that is a happy mixture of history and romance and manages to squeeze in the fantastic love story of El Cid and his beloved Chimene amidst all the pageantry. Anthony Mann had done an excellent job in directing the enormous cast portraying the various leaders, fighters and followers in the conflicts of the small Christian kingdoms warring among themselves and against the invading Moors.

Charlton Heston comes through heroically as the noble Castilian warrior, the fabulous hero whose prowess as fighter, wise leader and merciful victor won him the title of El Cid from his Moslem enemies. If Sophia

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Loren isn't quite as convincing as Chimene, whose strange marriage to the killer of her father is celebrated in poem, play and opera, she certainly is beautiful in the role; and her attractiveness is enhanced by the film's stunning costumes and sets. In scene after scene, director Mann uses his good cast (Raf Vallone, John Fraser, Genevieve Page, Herbert Lom, and others), the rolling Spanish countryside, stony castles and walled cities to make tableau-like pictures of extraordinary beauty. Robert Krasker's lovely color photography deserves great credit for the success of "El Cid," and even audiences, young or old, who can take or leave the expertly-staged battle scenes, the epical tale of the man who helped to unite Spain, the somewhat forced love story, and the film's excessive length, will thrill to the photography's breath-taking splendor.

ALSO VERY good to look at is Jiri Trnka's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which uses instead of live actors the charming animated figurines of the famous Czechoslovakian designer to visualize Shakespeare's play. Even if you're a little fed up with the confused pairs of lovers chasing around the forest, the quarreling fairies, and the amateur craftsmen-actors, do give this shortened version a try. Trnka's figures are a delight as they romp across the brightly-colored CinemaScope screen, and his designs for the fairy woodland scenes sparkle with flowers and tinsel that give the old tale a fresh vitality. Purists may object to the cuts and changes in Shakespeare, but the lines are well read by the Old Vic players; and Richard Burton's narration that ties up the scenes is nicely done. If your kids have never seen the "Dream," this is a good way to introduce them to what fools these mortals be.

WALT DISNEY, who has gratified many an audience with his bright remakes of old stories, comes a cropper in "Babes in Toyland," his first try at a musical comedy. I'm not sure that anyone could have sold "Babes," which has little to recommend it for modern audiences beyond Victor Herbert's pleasant music. The film comes to life once in a while when Ray Bolger as the villain, assisted by Henry Calvin and Gene Sheldon, clown around, or when Ed Wynn bumbles through his toy factory; but Jack Donohue's direction of the Mother Goose characters and the production numbers is so static and old-hat that even youngsters will get impatient. The very tiny Tiny Tims, however, should lap it up.

IT'S HARD to figure out for whom "The Wonders of Aladdin" was made. Its confused plot, with Donald O'Connor in the lead, may have some appeal for little kids, but its visuals, with those semi-nude babes in torture scenes and whooping it up for the Amazon love-death ritual, seem to be aimed at peeping toms—who will find the story ridiculous. It hardy seems possible to muff an Aladdin tale, but this one is not fish, fowl or even passable movie. It should have employed Vittorio De Sica, who plays the genie, to revamp the whole thing.

MOVIE MAKERS must be determined to film the entire Jules Verne library. Their latest effort is "Mysterious Island," which has Charles H. Schneer's good color production and plenty of scary Verne phenomena like the man-eating plants and giant bees encountered by our heroes on this weird Pacific isle. Young people will no doubt be thrilled by the adventures of Michael Craig, Gary Merrill, Michael Callan, et al, in this spooky place. Adults would probably prefer a little more humor thrown in with the fantastic goings-on but will appreciate the presence of husky-voiced Joan Greenwood as an elegant castaway who remains a true lady in spite of all the discomforts. When our old friend Captain Nemo (Herbert Lom) turns up and explains the giant plants and animals as his solution to the world's food problems, we can only wish that he and Verne were around today with their constructive ideas.

AS A 1911 New York widow who goes to Arizona and gets a job on Thelma Ritter's ranch, Debbie Reynolds works her head off—pitching hay, feeding stock, digging post holes, wallowing with the pigs, and trying to put over "The Second Time Around." Although the picture doesn't add up to much, Debbie is fairly amusing at her work and even becomes sheriff when her suitors (Steve Forrest and Andy Griffith) don't quite come up to expectations. Director Vincent Sherman keeps his satire on westerns moving at a fast pace; and his lively cast seem to be having a hilarious time. You will have a hilarious time too if you don't expect too much from this picture.

THE PEOPLE around me were laughing like crazy at "Pocketful of Miracles," so producer-director Frank Capra's corny re-make of his 1933 "Lady for a Day" must have something I missed. It stems from Damon Runyon's story about Apple Annie who is played by Bette Davis with her usual verve but who looks so horrible as the apple hawker that she would scare away customers. The plot has to do with the concern of her panhandler friends and various Broadway characters when Annie has to be made over for the return of her long-absent daughter and Spanish fiancé. Some of this is fun, but Capra allows the first part of his film to move so slowly that I was tired of the whole thing by the time it got to the big Cinderella-transformation scene. Miss Davis does indeed look wonderful when she's beautified. Adults and teenagers who like soap operas may even shed a tear through the laughter when the butterfly emerges in all her beauty and welcomes her pretty daughter. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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Cities Should Be For People

The Death and Life of Great American Cities. By Jane Jacobs. Random House. $5.95.

by Edward T. Chase

HOW SELDOM one comes upon a new book of unmistakably seminal importance like this one, Jane Jacobs' first, long-awaited by those fortunate enough to have caught her stray periodical writings.

This is a dangerous book. Dangerous to vested interests: to all our city planners, to almost all our architects, to the thousands of Federal, state and municipal officials committed, as they are, to our immense public programs of urban renewal and rehabilitation; to the intellectual bureaucracy in our foundations and in our *ad hoc* betterment organizations like ACTION; to our civic and business leaders in all the voluntary organizations that worry about slums, delinquency, and litterbugging, from the Committee For Economic Development and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce to the Regional Plan Association and the Park Avenue Association; to professors of city planning and architecture and sociology and all their solemn graduate students; and to journalists and writers, like myself, who have wittingly or unwittingly absorbed conventional ideas about planning.

To put it simply, we have all been mostly wrong about city planning. (I can slightly modify this self-indictment by noting that I touted Miss Jacobs in these pages as a comer worth watching some four years back.) With uncanny perceptiveness, assiduous accumulation of massive concrete documentation, telling if sometimes facile generalization, and a relentlessly pragmatic temper, Miss Jacobs has proved us all to be victims of assumptions that do much to account for today's urban problem.

We have pressed for slum clearance by bulldozer and massive new housing projects. We have sought to insulate project populations from the street on desolate and inner malls bordered by inviolable grass plots. (My, how Miss Jacobs can inveigh against grass!) We have planned city renewal on a block basis instead of examining the street, which is where the city truly fulfills itself. We have imagined that once transportation was properly arranged the city would automatically become well again. We have talked endlessly about land-use planning as the *key* but have understood the term only in a superficial, mechanical way. We have pressed for parks wherever we could get them and failed to perceive the conditions that make a park work. We have equated slums with density and confused concentration with congestion. We have pinned delinquency on slums and ignored decades of evidence that their interconnections are fortuitous, not causative. We have eschewed old buildings just because they were old, instead of recognizing their indispensability if we are to achieve diversity.

Diversity—diverse people doing diverse things on diverse schedules—this key quality we have failed to acknowledge as the essence of city vitality and we have pushed instead for order regardless of its heavy cost. Always we have striven for open space and a bit of the country in the city, ignoring the destructive incompatibility of the two. And we have almost never appreciated the crucial differences between big cities and very big cities and how altogether irrelevant the nature of the village and the town is to either (and vice versa). The consequence has been troubled cities, cities with crime and delinquency, boredom and ugliness, deterioration and blight.

Where did we go wrong? Here Miss Jacobs may oversimplify, but her condemnation of the theorists who have dominated our times is persuasive. In the first instance, it falls upon Ebenezer Howard and Sir Patrick Geddes, Lewis Mumford and Clarence Stein and their cohorts, believers all in the essential soundness of the Garden City ideal. It was a compound of bringing nature into our urban communities and the notion that "the planned community must be islanded off as a self-contained unit, that it must resist future change, and that every significant detail must be controlled by the planners from the start and then stuck to. In short, good planning is project planning." She goes on to denounce Le Corbusier and his fantasy (an influential fantasy) of the Radiant City; she also indicts the City Beautiful movement of Daniel Burnham.

Miss Jacobs calls this "anti-city planning" for it means the death of what she values most highly: density, diversity, the accidental amenity. I have heard planners who fear her say she is a defender of slums. This is not so. One of the most insightful chapters in her book is called "Unslumming And Slumming." If the bureaucrats under Robert Weaver in Washington and all their local counterparts across the land do nothing else in the year ahead they must read this chapter.

It would be too bad if this original book were used destructively to denigrate planning in general, if it were exploited by the anti-intellectuals. Miss Jacobs can be criticized for not conceding the need for certain fundamental regional plans, especially those involving transportation which, alas, may have to inflict the pain of clearance and relocation upon some worthy souls in worthy urban sections. And she provides us with precious little insight about architectural design and distinction. But against the full richness of what she gives us in this book, that is nitpicking.

Moreover, hers is not an anti-planning book, really; indeed here is how she puts her finger on the heart of the kind of planning that is essential if we are to protect our urban environment from further debasement: after noting that the greatest need of the city is "for a most intricate and close-grained diversity of uses that give each other constant mutual support, both economically and socially" she goes on to write, "I think that unsuccessful city areas are areas which lack this kind of intricate mutual support, and the science of city plan-

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ning and the art of city design, in real life for real cities must become *the science and art of catalyzing and nourishing these close-grained working relationships.*" Italics mine.

Don't think that reading the advance excerpts of this book that appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post, The Reporter, Harper's* and the *Columbia University Forum* (those are the ones I saw; there may be others) is a substitute for reading the book. Nothing is—it's too close-grained, too dense, too diverse.

On Contemplation

Prayer. By Hans Urs Von Balthasar. Sheed and Ward. $5.

by Leonard F. X. Mayhew

THE PRESENT concerns of the Church all seem to bear an overwhelmingly activist character. Initiative is the immediate and urgent need in the several vast areas of contemporary life where a Christian influence is most clearly demanded yet absent. The main objectives of Christian effort—social reform, intellectual renaissance, formation of an apostolic laity, liturgical renewal—require the expending of such quantities of energy that it often appears there is no room for any other preoccupation, however worthy. Hans Urs Von Balthasar has stepped back from this view of things and has examined with singular intellectual vigor a need as much more urgent as it is more universal.

Of its very nature Christian religion is contemplative: from its foundation in faith, man's encounter with God, through each of its specific operations. The meaning of justification by grace is an "openess" of man to the activity and pronouncements of God summed up in his definitive and all-inclusive Word. The Church, the extension of Christ in time and space and the area as well of our service of God in the existential order, is emphatically contemplative in her very being. The liturgy not only is a source for contemplation as it presents the Word to our minds and hearts, but it includes contemplative prayer in its very nature. Liturgical participation can only become liturgical living through the intermediary of contemplation.

The needs and longings of human nature, implanted by the Creator, find their proper place and a recognition of their right to fulfillment in Christian theology. This has been one of the abiding marks of the organic truth of Christian faith, and to the degree that it is true, Christian humanism is not a paradox; it is almost a tautology. Von Balthasar recognizes contemplation as a connatural avenue of fulfillment for man. Without it he will never become what he is, will never be truly and completely human. The life of contemplative prayer, a life of "fullest freedom," is not in principle open only to an elite. Every Christian in whom grace is not to be frustrated of its essential fruits must be a contemplative.

Contemplation is at best a difficult subject, but it has assumed an aura of additional difficulty as something foreign and recondite by having been so frequently confused with mysticism. Von Balthasar treats it, instead, as the entirely normal activity of the believing Christian and cuts through the customary distinctions and complications of conventional spiritual treatises. By emphasizing the simplicity and unity of Christian experience which is the real meaning of religious contemplation, and by accenting the freedom and latitude open to the individual, he succeeds in getting through the forbidding maze of associations which would lead us to relegate contemplation to the "contemplatives." Finally, his masterly treatment of the philosophical and theological background of various spiritual "schools" clarifies the entirely reasonable place of contemplation in Christian life.

Von Balthasar has in mind the lay Catholic even more than the clerical although his subject is of concern to both, obliged as both are to spiritual growth. Of particular interest is his treatment of the necessity of contemplation not only for personal spiritual growth but for any meaningful Christian activity, whatever direction it may take. A consistently Christocentric and Incarnational theology, one that is in accord with the religious mentality of our time, informs his book, one that should be read—thoughtfully and contemplatively, to be sure—by all who recognize a responsibility for spiritual growth.

A Simple Tribute

Conscience in Politics. By Stuart Gerry Brown. Syracuse University Press. $4.50.

by Martin Peretz

CONSCIENCE IN POLITICS is not entirely unlike a volume of hagiography. Professor Brown has written a partisan portrait, an almost elegaic evocation of Adlai Stevenson and the manner in which, over a period of scarcely more than eight years, as aspirant for leadership and in defeat, he rose to the demands of a nation and a world in deepening crisis. It is a work of tribute and affection, and one without facade. And I should be less than candid if I did not admit, after reading the evidence which the author musters in Mr. Stevenson's behalf, that his interpretation justifies itself before reason (my own, at least) and seems to be vindicated by the direction of contemporary history.

It is not a book characterized by particular literary grace or unusual subtlety. The simple juxtaposition of statements by Stevenson and even so conventional a thinker as Mr. Eisenhower is hardly sufficient as a method of illuminating what distinguishes their respective qualities of leadership. Surely it is true that the Eisenhower administration was a good deal more than the President's platitudes suggested, and it is possible that Stevenson's would have been something less than his eloquence promised.

But in weaving together the speeches and pronouncements of the candidate and the titular leader on various public issues, and placing them in a lucid context of political conflict and international conflagration, Brown has effectively recalled to us the clarity, the assertive intelligence, and the absolute honesty with which Adlai Stevenson insisted on addressing the people.

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Reason enough to be grateful, one is tempted to say—to Stevenson and to his chronicler. And in the shadow of the nuclear madness under which we live, one may be forgiven a sense of wistful tragedy, upon reviewing the record, that Stevenson's urgings about a test ban—when the techniques of annihilation were not yet so perfect nor so total and the Russians were perhaps willing—had been so contemptuously dismissed by a press and an electorate bemused and electrified by cliché and vainglory.

Brown asks his readers to take special notice of the fact that his work was not intended as an exhaustive treatment of his subject; by his own design, then, we have been given what must be to some extent a truncated and incomplete picture, and, by omission, what might also be a slightly distorted one. It is regrettable, for example, that the author chose to ignore the pattern of complex and strained relations between former President Truman and Stevenson; a matter of tension that would shed light not only on the protagonists themselves but on the very nature of the Democratic Party and on Stevenson's task as its spokesman.

Similarly, in ignoring the dramatic shift of loyalties of the old Stevenson brain trust, men like Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and John Kenneth Galbraith, to the then Senator John Kennedy early in 1960, Brown has avoided some of the most intriguing and obscure questions about the Stevenson personality and its role in the politicizing of a whole generation of intellectuals and students. Indeed, some of this may not be wholly pleasant, and a true-believer may be reluctant to consider why others among the faithful turn elsewhere for the promise of secular redemption.

But Stevenson, too, now marches under new colors. Yet the evidence mounts daily that it is a delusion to think that he has made them his own. One almost wishes that this book had not ended with Stevenson's defeat at Los Angeles, but that an epilogue had been added, weighing what has come since and what is still to come. That may well prove to be the real test of a conscience in politics.

It is even possible that this conscience may yet have its moment of triumph in Washington's inner circles. But until we know for certain, the current drift of politics, particularly in foreign affairs, may oblige some of us to think how sad it is that we were not true to that vision of national greatness, which, not so long ago, first fired our imagination and dared us to hope for better things.

The Humanity of a Russian Humorist

Scenes from the Bathhouse. By Mikhail Zoshchenko. University of Michigan Press. $5.95.

by Bruce A. Cook

MIDWAY THROUGH this book it occurred to me that it was especially good for me to be reading it now, during this year of East-West political crisis. There is a strong temptation in times like these to forget that the Russians are people and to think of them as that brutal abstraction, The Enemy. But Mikhail Zoshchenko's Russians are nothing less than human—and that is the chief virtue of this uneven and unusual collection of pieces: its intense humanity.

The author, himself quite a human sort, was born in 1895, and like most of the young intellectuals of his generation welcomed the Revolution with some enthuiasm. His reputation as a writer was made during the period of comparative artistic freedom which lasted through the twenties. During the Stalinist thirties Zoshchenko's sketches, though always critical of conditions, were kept carefully within the prescribed limits of "self-criticism" (as permitted by the doctrine of socialist realism). Perhaps because he was "only" a humorist, he escaped the fate of writers less openly critical than he during the awful purge years—writers such as Zamiatin, Babel and Biely.

It was during the war (Russia's first real "thaw" period) that he wrote the only work to be attacked by Stalin's culture arbiter, A.A. Zhdanov, as "literary" and non-conformist—the long autobiographical fragment "Before the Sun Rises." Zhdanov halted serial publication and subsequently denounced its author as a "pseudo-writer," and had him expelled from the Writers' Union in 1946. From that time Mikhail Zoshchenko lived in obscurity until his death in 1958.

This volume, *Scenes from the Bathhouse*, in a curious twist of reverse English, seems to vindicate the judgment of that archphilistine, Andrei Zhdanov. For most of the pieces (I'm trying to avoid calling them "stories") included here are distinctly sub-literary in quality. More, I think they are generically sub-literary: simply humorous and satirical magazine pieces on the order of Irvin S. Cobb's or the sloppier work of Ring Lardner, they also suggest the quality of the hundreds of untranslated sketches by Chekhov. Some of Zoshchenko's sketches are more successful than others; none will be as funny to Americans as

POEM

by Samuel Menashe

A-
round
my neck
an amu-
let
Be-
tween
my eyes
a star
A
ring
in my
nose
and
a gold
chain
to
Keep me
where
You
are
*

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to the Russians for whom they were written.

In his introduction, translator Sidney Monas tells us that Zoshchenko's form was the *skaz*, or oral tale, which is usually written in dialect in the first-person to point up some particular moral. The morals drawn by Zoshchenko sometimes have a wicked political sting—as in the slight piece on a smelly stove, "Kitten and People," in which the narrator gets no satisfaction from the local party chairman who, though overcome by fumes from the defective stove, insists it is running perfectly. "Well, what's to be done?" concludes the narrator. "I'm getting used to it. A man isn't a flea—he can get used to anything."

Marc Slonim, who selected and, I presume, edited the material in the book, must be responsible for the editorial butchery performed on Zoshchenko's autobiography, "Before the Sun Rises." A fragment it is indeed, but a much longer fragment than the fifty pages given in this collection. In reading it, one is confronted time after time with bracketed summaries of material deleted from the text. This might not be so annoying, except that "Before the Sun Rises" is by far the best thing in the book, and, with a bow to Comrade Zhdanov, truly subversive in the admirable quality of its writing and its hyper-subjective approach. It is quite different in style from the rest of the author's work. Much of it is given in little "candid camera" scenes (only sixteen of sixty-three in the original are included here) in which Zoshchenko, speaking in his own voice for the first time, shows a marvelous power to evoke scene and mood in a few words. Even the digressions on Pavlovian psychology are interesting, and should have been included in full.

I believe that Mr. Slonim, Mr. Monas, and the publisher would have done a far greater service to American readers if they had given us all the "Before the Sun Rises" material available. This, together with a few of the better magazine sketches, might have more firmly established Zoshchenko's literary reputation.

O Land of Plenty

The Beer Can by The Highway. By John A. Kouwenhoven. Doubleday. $4.50.

by Nat Hentoff

THESE TEN essays, most of which have been revised from previous articles and talks, are intended to explain "what's American about America." Mr. Kouwenhoven, a professor of English at Barnard and more widely versed than most literary specialists in technology and graphic arts, has already produced several contributions to the subject, most substantially *The Columbia Historical Portrait of New York.*

In this set of definitions, he is often clarifying in his descriptions of the forms that have resulted from our "distinctive blend of technology and a somewhat untidy but dynamic form of democracy." He lists, for example, twelve seemingly disparate American phenomena (among them the Manhattan skyline, jazz, Whitman's *Leaves of Grass,* assembly-line production, soap operas, and chewing gum), and finds they share "structures which provide for no ultimate climax, which come to no end determined by symmetry or proportion."

All twelve are more concerned with process than immutable product in the sense that the Constitution (which is also on his list) became "the infinitely extendible framework for the process of reconciling liberty and unity over vast areas and conflicting interests." Chewing gum has been made to fit because it was invented by an American and is "a nonconsumable confection, its sole appeal is in the process of chewing it."

Kouwenhoven is happily committed to this energetic adaptability and mobility of the American experience, but he often writes as if we were a contemporary of Whitman rather than of General Electric. Accordingly, his usefulness as a guide to the contemporary American grain is limited primarily to artifacts. He indicates little awareness of the increasingly numbed and deadened American spirit.

Kouwenhoven's argument for ver-

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nacular forms in American architecture and design—instead of the "cultivated" forms which grew in different circumstances and traditions—is solid. But in his zeal that American form should follow American function, he comes disturbingly close to idealizing function as an end in itself. He admits without apparent alarm that our mass production system is more concerned with production than product, and he dismisses criticism of the wasteful power of advertising by saying that "the products of an institution whose function is to stimulate consumption should be judged by their success in achieving the end, not by their failure to do other things, however worthy those things may be in themselves." (Like being truthful?) Consumption too is a process, and for that very reason, blessed.

Similarly, the waste symbolized by the beer can on the highway is small cause for concern, according to Kouwenhoven, because it expresses the mobility of the American consumer who tossed it there. And that mobility has helped build our land of plenty—not to neglect the Constitution as a functioning factor. (". . . a commitment to democracy—and a certain indifference to waste and untidiness—are prerequisite to abundance.")

Mr. Kouwenhoven, in short, is remarkably innocent about the shrinkage (and alarming tidiness) that is upon us as an increasingly abundant "military-industrial complex" (Eisenhower's vernacular term) severely limits our mobility in fundamental political and economic choices. One reason, among many, for that shrinkage is just such a preoccupation with process rather than essence which is so smoothly preached throughout these essays.

"A champagne cocktail of a comedy."
—Kerr, Herald-Tribune
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GOOGIE WITHERS
RICHARD JOHNSON
in
The Complaisant Lover
new comedy hit by
Graham Greene
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A Clutch of Poets

Advice to a Prophet and Other Poems. By Richard Wilbur. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

The Many Named Beloved. By Samuel Menashe. Victor Gollancz. $3.00.

The Islanders. By Philip Booth. The Viking Press. $3.00.

Poems From Limbo. By Rob Lyle. Dufour. $2.95.

The Long Street. By Donald Davidson. Vanderbilt University Press. $4.00.

For the Unfallen. By Geoffrey Hill. Dufour. $3.50.

Nude Descending a Staircase. By X. J. Kennedy. Doubleday. $2.50.

By Samuel Hazo

IN 1955 Randall Jarrell wrote that Richard Wilbur was a "naturally lyric or descriptive poet" and added that he "never goes too far, but he never goes far enough." Other critics have echoed the pat statement that he is the second best living poet in America—second to Robert Lowell. I would have to take exception to both these statements. Of course, Jarrell wrote his judgment before he had the opportunity to read Wilbur's *Things of This World,* which did not appear until 1956. This book remains a memorable mid-century poetic achievement, and Wilbur's new *Advice to a Prophet* is a work at about the same level. He exhibits here the same high virtuosity with conventional metrical and stanzaic patterns, and I know no other poet who could get away with a descriptive line like "Beautiful, heavy, unweary, loud, obvious thing" in a poem called "Fire Truck" and somehow make us *feel* that each of these overworked adjectives is freshly perfect for his purpose. And there are many other examples of such perfection and freshness. "In the Smoking Car" gives a quick, sharp picture of introspection; "Next Door" is suffused with a delicate sympathy for the aged; "A Christmas Hymn" is an unpretentiously beautiful seasonal carol.

Those who think that Wilbur is second-best to Lowell often base this view on the fact that Wilbur has confined himself to the lyric while Lowell has written both lyrical and dramatic poems. Wilbur does nothing to refute this so-called estimate in *Advice to a Prophet;* his province is still that of the short poem, the riddle, the quatrain. But the quality of excellence is omnipresent, and I for one think that excellence should weigh at least as heavily as versatility in any judgment of a poet's work.

Samuel Menashe's *The Many Named Beloved* is not so much a collection of poems as it is one poem composed of numerous mosaics. Menashe's purpose in these short works is to capture in an image or a quick progression of metaphors or a phrase the momentary insight that is the key to a poetic moment. The poems literally flash before you so that they actually seem shorter than they appear on the page; the eye takes them in with a single fix. At times, I must confess that the effect is lost on me. But at other times, as in the following poem, the reader is left feeling like a soldier who thinks he has received a glancing blow but who has in reality been fatally wounded. "Roads run forever/Under feet forever/Falling away/Yet, it may happen that you/Come to the same place again/Stay! You could not do/Anything more certain—/Here you can wait forever/And rejoice at your arrival."

When I read Philip Booth's *Letter from a Distant Land* several years ago, I thought and still think that its title poem was a beautiful and powerful achievement. I therefore came to his new book, *The Islanders,* with a sense of muted expectation,

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and I was not disappointed. Booth is still a good craftsman with a Frost-like love for New England and New Englanders (mostly from Maine) that give him his subject matter. And he has a sense of humor that is perfectly suited to the accomplished abandon of his style; this is especially effective in "Was a Man," "Mores" and "Spit." But the real strength of this book grows out of poems like "Maine," "Boulder," "Jake's Wharf," "The Anchor," "Propellor" and a haunting poem called "Sable Island." He sees the music in things like "ships' bones," the "trick back" of a seal, an owl "hooing the cold," and he conveys this music simply, truthfully and with all the sensitivity of what Sir Philip Sidney once called a "right poet."

Rob Lyle's *Poems from Limbo* strikes me as a deeply felt but nonetheless rhapsodic book. Yeats once wrote that "rhetoric is the will trying to do the work of the imagination," and this could describe the failing of some of Lyle's elegies. There are poetic moments to be sure, as there are in the poems of Lyle's godfather, Roy Campbell, but the tendency toward rhetoric or rhapsodism is never entirely absent. Because the lyrical "Reflets dans l'Eau," "The Morning Watch" and "Flight 152" are free of this tendency, I find them more successful than the longer and certainly more ambitious elegies.

Donald Davidson's *The Long Street* is a beautifully printed volume. The typography is superb, and the majority of the woodcuts are impressive. The only real trouble with the book is what it says. Davidson is working at something between poetry and verse. It never reaches poetry, and its poetic pretensions prevent us from considering it merely as verse. For reasons I cannot yet justify to myself, I would like to like this type of writing, but I cannot find enough in Davidson's poems to convince me that I should.

The twenty-nine poems in Geoffrey Hill's *For the Unfallen* have a Donne-like and, at times, even a Crashavian beauty. There are such poems here as "Two Formal Elegies," "The Turtle Dove" and "The Troublesome Reign" that seem as daring in their metaphysical approach to their subjects as anything I have seen in modern poetry. But in "Elegaic Stanzas" I find this same style cloying. That's the risk that a poet with Hill's propensities takes. Unless his inspiration is strong enough to sustain the layered complexities of his style, we have profusion without richness. But when he is the master of this difficult medium we have such perfect stanzas as the following from "God's Little Mountain"—"Below, the river scrambled like a goat/Dislodging stones. The Mountain stamped its foot, Shaking, as from a trance. And I was shut/ With wads of sound into a sudden quiet."

X. J. Kennedy's *Nude Descending a Staircase* is divided into three acts (sections) and an intermission. The first act contains a somewhat playfully glib poem called "First Confession," a beautiful elegy called "On a Child Who Lived One Minute" ("Still I marvel/That, making light of mountain-loads of logic,/So much could stay a moment in so little"), a less interesting elegy on a rope-skipping child named Elizabeth and a five-part poem called "Inscriptions after Fact," which is not only a well-sustained performance but a good example of Kennedy's feeling for the poetry inherent in the vernacular. The "Song and a Ballad" in the second act as well as the epigrammatic pieces in "Intermission with Peanuts" are somewhat ordinary and at times just flat. There are two excellent poems in the third act: "Leave of Absence" and "Nude Descending a Staircase." In all, there are good poems in Kennedy's first book, which is this year's Lamont winner, but there is also considerable filler.

REVIEWERS

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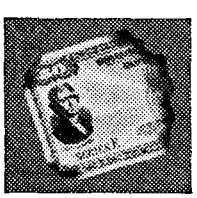

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AND the angel said to them, "Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good news of great joy which shall be to all the people; for today in the town of David a Savior has been born to you, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign to you: you will find an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

—St. Luke II: x-xii

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Christmas 1961: Hoping Against Hope

SOME YEARS AGO, there was a newspaper in Washington that had a custom of carrying only "good news" on its front page on Christmas day. One could, of course, appreciate its good intentions: no lurid headline would cast its shadow over a happy Christmas scene. Unfortunately, the accidental result of the custom was to concentrate the bad news in the next few pages. As long as one didn't open the paper all went well. But one had to open it: invariably, it seemed, all the "good news" was very minor news. The news that counted rarely made that happy first page.

By a turn of fate—an unconnected one—that newspaper is no longer being published. But most of us, on Christmas day, still try to see the world in the best possible light. Yet it is hardly likely that any mature person will expect that the temporal order will reflect any particular, unusual beneficence on December the 25th. Still, we continue to hope against hope, that somehow, in some fashion, this Christmas will be different; that this Christmas our crooked world will straighten itself out.

Why, the realist in us will ask, should we continue to hope? Why should we still, after all these centuries, continue hoping that the news on Christmas day will be genuine "good news"? Why, above all, should we continue to hope that a Christmas day will suddenly dawn which will show the countenance of peace in the world?

Can one really, to be specific, hope that this Christmas day will suddenly show the world at peace? The answer, inevitably, is a direct no. For how improbable it is, to take some fanciful dreams, that the the Russians will tear down the wall; that Moise Tshombe and Cyrille Adoula will share a friendly Christmas dinner; that Martin Luther King will carve a Christmas turkey with the white citizens of Albany, Georgia; that Prime Minister Nehru and Premier Salazar will exchange friendly greetings at the Goan border; or that all nuclear weapons will be summarily consigned to the deepest point in the ocean. Improbable is hardly the word here; impossible is more accurate. Hope? How can one hope for these things?

ON ALL THESE questions the Christian is caught up short. For it is Christianity which has held out to man the hope that his deepest longings have meaning. It is Christianity which has long preached to the world that peace is not a vain hope, that peace is not a fanciful dream. It is Christianity which has set its face against those men and ideologies which hold that we can hope for no more than what man himself can accomplish. It is Christianity which has claimed that it can redeem even the most desolate fruit of man's iniquity. It is Christianity which has claimed that it indeed has the "good news"—news which is proof against even the most disastrous turns of human events.

What, the Christian must ask himself, can all this possibly mean in our times? What can it mean in the face of the brute fact that men kill one another, imprison one another, persecute one another, hate one another? Even more to the point, what can the Christian possibly mean when he asks for peace and refuses to admit that peace is not the impossibility everything suggests it to be?

In our day, the very word "peace" itself seems to have lost all meaning. It is a word which everyone uses and which almost everyone abuses. For some it means little more than victory over an enemy. For some others it means the refusal to admit any means of violence to resist evil. For a great many it has something vaguely to do with thinking good thoughts about one's fellow man. And there are a few who would hold, with Erasmus, that "The most disadvantageous peace is better than the most just war." But many more, aware that

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peace without justice mocks the very word, would deny that war is invariably incompatible with a desire for peace; they can, with St. Augustine, argue that "The purpose of all war is peace."

There is, in short, little profit in looking to the way men use the word "peace" to get some insight into its meaning. Nor, for that matter are we much helped by thinking of synonyms for the word. For there can be peace without harmony, peace without stability, and peace without passivity or calm. Like many another, "peace" is a "weasel-word": one which twists and turns and seems capable of going in all directions at once.

One Biblical image, however, stands out in our mind: that of the lion lying down with the lamb. Here, in all its force, is the vision of peace which scripture holds before us—the more forcefully because of its very improbability, its patent contradiction of the ways of nature. Yet it is hardly a whit less improbable than the events which would bring peace in our time.

Just as it is to Scripture that we can profitably turn to find an image of peace, so too we turn to Scripture to find the "good news" that eludes our newspapers. What is the meaning of Christmas other than that, in the birth of Christ Our Lord, the eternal "good news" was given to us? The Offertory of the First Mass at midnight expresses it perfectly: "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad before the face of the Lord: because He cometh." This is the "good news" that the Christian hears at Christmas; the news that, in Christ, our hope has been fulfilled and that, "Tomorrow the iniquity of the earth shall be abolished." (Daniel 9.24)

Yet if, with the birth of Our Lord, hope was given an eternal and divine sanction, there was still, even for Him, passion and death. In the struggle of our generation for peace there will be passion and death for many a man of good will. But just as in the birth, death and resurrection of Christ the mystery of man's hope was seen in the flesh, so too in our time the desperate effort for peace can be given a meaning. This meaning is not that, in fact, mere good will or good intentions will preserve us from evil. There is only so much man can do and he has never yet done enough.

On the contrary, what the mystery of Christ's incarnation reveals to us is something radically different. It is nothing less than the profound truth that with God all things are possible; that peace itself is not to be hoped for in vain; that, with the help of God, men can work and strive for peace knowing that their efforts conform to the will of God. Knowing, even in the face of complete failure, that "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called children of God."

The Popes on Peace

Pope Pius XI

MEN today do not act as Christians, as brothers, but as strangers, and even enemies. The sense of man's personal dignity and of the value of human life has been lost in the brutal domination begotten of might and mere superiority in numbers. Many are intent on exploiting their neighbors solely for the purpose of enjoying more fully and on a larger scale the goods of this world. But they err grievously who have turned to the acquisition of material and temporal possessions and are forgetful of eternal and spiritual things, to the possession of which Jesus, Our Redeemer, by means of the Church, His living interpreter, calls mankind.

—*Ubi Arcano Dei, Christmas,* 1922

HE IS NOT A believer in God who uses the word of God rhetorically but he who associates with the sacred word the true and worthy idea of God. . . . He who takes the race, or the people, or the State, or the form of Government, the bearers of the power of the State or other fundamental elements of human society—which in the temporal order of things have an essential and honorable place—out of the system of their earthly valuation, and makes them the ultimate norm of all, even of religious values, and deifies them with an idolatrous worship, perverts and falsifies the order of things created and commanded by God. . . .

A Christianity that enters into itself in all its members, that strips off all mere outward show and worldliness, that takes the commandments of God seriously, and proves itself in love of God and active love of one's neighbor, can and must be the pattern and leader to a world sick to its very heart and seeking for support and guidance if unspeakable misfortune and cataclysm far beyond all imagination are not to burst over it.

—*Mit Brennender Sorge, March, 1937*

Pope Pius XII

NOTHING IS lost with peace; all may be lost with war. Let men return to mutual understanding!

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Let them begin negotiations anew, conferring with good-will and with respect for reciprocal rights. Then will they find that to sincere and conscientious negotiations an honorable solution is never precluded. They will feel a sense of greatness in the true sense of the word if, by silencing the voices of passion—be it collective or private—and by leaving to reason its rightful rule, they will have spared the blood of their fellow-men and saved their countries from ruin. —*Radio Address, Aug., 1939*

EVERY slackening and every thoughtless compromise with human respect in the profession of the faith and its moral precepts; every act of cowardice and vacillation between right and wrong in the practices of Christian life, in the education of children, in the government of the family; every hidden or open sin; all this and more that might be added has been and is a deplorable contribution to the disaster which today overwhelms the world.

And is there anyone who has the right to say that he is blameless? Reflection on yourselves and your deeds, and the humble recognition of this moral responsibility will make you realize and feel in the depth of your souls how necessary and how holy a thing it is for you to pray and work in order to placate God and invoke His mercy, and to participate in the salvation of your brethren, thus restoring to God that honor which was denied Him for so many decades, securing and acquiring for your fellowmen that interior peace which cannot be found except by coming close to the spiritual light of Bethlehem's cave.

—*Christmas Message, 1943*

Pope John XXIII

GOD CREATED men to be brothers, not enemies. He gave them the earth to be cultivated in the sweat of their brow that everyone might share in its fruits and take from it the necessities of daily existence. The various nations are nothing other than societies of men, that is, of brothers who ought to strive not only for their own individual prosperity, but, bound together in a bond of brotherly love, for the good of all human society.

Furthermore, this earthly life is not to be considered as an end in itself or even in the light of the pleasures it gives. The end of life is not complete destruction at death but rather an immortal life and a homeland that will endure forever.

If this teaching, this hope so full of consolation is stripped from the lives of men, then the whole reason for existence collapses. There is left no check-rein strong enough to bridle the greed, dissension and discord that try to burst from our very souls. In place of the olive branch of peace shining forth in our hearts, the firebrands of discord will burst into flames. In short, our plight becomes synonymous with that of the beast who is devoid of reason.

As a matter of fact, our lot is worse for, since we have been endowed with reason, we can sink to lower depths by the abuse of it. Alas, as rather often happens, we can collapse into utter ruin and just like Cain, can stain the earth with the serious crime of spilling a brother's blood.

Our first task, then, is to realign our thinking in accordance with right principles of action if we wish, as we ought, that our actions be firmly placed on the path of justice. For why if we are brothers in name and in fact, if we are sharers in a common destiny both in this life and in that to come, why, we repeat, can we act as adversaries, rivals and bitter foes toward each other? Why envy others? Why stir up hatred and prepare death-dealing weapons against our brothers?

Alas, there is already enough strife among men! Already too many of our young men have poured out their blood in the flower of their youth! Already too many cemeteries, gorged with the victims of war, dot the earth and in solemn tones admonish all of us to return at long last to harmony, unity and a just peace! Let us therefore, occupy our minds not with those thoughts that divide and sever one man from the other, but rather with those things by which men can be united. . . .

—*Ad Petri Cathedram, 1959*

AT BETHLEHEM all men must find their place. In the first rank should be Catholics. Today especially the Church wishes to see them pledged to an effort to make His message of peace a part of themselves. And the message is an invitation to check the direction of every act by the dictates of Divine law, which demands the unflinching adherence of all, even to the point of sacrifice. Along with such a deepened understanding must go action. It is utterly intolerable for Catholics to restrict themselves to the position of mere observers. . . .

The effort, no doubt, is long and arduous. But Christmas means to all the certainty that nothing of men's good will is lost in whatever they perform in good will, perhaps without being entirely aware of it, for the coming of God's kingdom on earth and in order that the City of Man may be modeled after the City of God. Ah, the City—the "City of God"—which St. Augustine hailed as resplendent with the truth that saves, with the charity that gives life and with the eternity that reassures!

—*Christmas Message, 1959*

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Poems for Christmas

Solstice at Christmas

This is no time for birth.
Look how the winter stands
Black and thick in the scoured earth.
The trees posture; their arms,
Frozen in gesture, limn
Themselves on the white sky.
And the sun is thin.

SISTER MARY JANET, S.C.L.

Emmanuel

These are the signs of Christmas,
what they have to do
with God is naming Him:

October tells a tale
of prodigies yet distant;
it must be fires we're thinking,
so the leaves suggest.
It may be fires indeed,
it may consume the world
in flames like maple leaves
and smelling autumn smoke;
it may, who knows, explode!

November, brown as ghosts
and goblin-leaved, suggests
a different scripture . . .
If wind be understood
what's coming penetrates.
What kind of clothes will keep
the wind that's coming out?
Anticipate disaster
in the form of boys,
November kinds of boys,
unclothed in winter ones.

December says it's blizzards,
and December ought to know.
You mean it's angels' wings?
I mean it wails Hosanna
as if it meant the end,
and heralds peace, in terms
of snow-laid silence, pure
to listeners as death.

If this be cactus land
there is not only sand
and spines but blossoms too:
each blossom is a speech,
however silent, saying
petals, pollen, fruit,
predicting pods and roots,
suggesting miracles:
oh wilderness is not
without precursors now,
the wild flowers speak Messias.

If this be inundation
hair is seaweed, ears
are shells, the whales are kings
invested by the tide;
and who is delicate
if jellyfish are not?
Emmanuel! sings December,
God is with us fishes.

MICHAEL KENNEDY

Exchange Place

Was it centuries ago we plunged
Down the tiled stairs, following arrows,
Passing through the census-taking turnstiles
To the narrow platforms where the trains
Of days and nights clatter and stop?
Furred with some falling snow of yesteryear
We stand in somnolence
Forgetting all the clear previous stars.

From a far world whose breath is knives
The message rings in vagrant cold
Drafts of some Salvation bell.
Children, drifting with their strange assurance,
Suddenly smile a snatch of carol.

Is our tomorrow only Brighton Beach
Or two-hundred sixty-fourth street?

We have made so many changes in our sleep,
But this is a night of wide awake concern.
Somewhere, coming through the wheeling dark
Is a light, that shines on blindness
And revives the heart.

Release the strap, forego the swaying sleep
That passes for a lifetime in this world.
Change now to the right way to Bethlehem
And go awake as shepherds to the Child.

SISTER M. DOMINIC, S.C.C.

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Jerome Taylor

Church and Synagogue

Jewish-Catholic religious dialogue holds out promise of mutual advantages, social and religious

CHRISTMAS is a natural season for a Catholic's thoughts to turn to the Jews. Not just the Jews of ancient days, but the Jews who are his friends, his professional colleagues, his neighbors, and sometimes, as I should have to add, his personal benefactors.

I have special reasons for thinking of the Jews. It was a Jewish philanthropist who established the four-year scholarship which took me through college and who, for years, entertained the growing numbers of "his boys" in his home during the Christmas holidays. It was a Jewish foundation which financed the project in which I worked my way through much of graduate school. Most recently of all, a Jewish congregation, just a year ago, invited me to speak before it on "The Religion of the Catholic Church," and in so doing provided a benefaction which I do not hesitate to rank with the other two.

The benefaction of this last lay in the necessity imposed upon me to define the conditions under which Jewish-Catholic religious dialogue on the parish or congregational level might take place. And it lay in the question which has remained with me ever since: Should not such dialogues be multiplied—on precisely the parish level?

That there is a need for such dialogue, such confrontation, Jewish thinkers and leaders have themselves publicly recognized. In 1960, Professor Will Herberg, in his introduction to *An American Dialogue*, noticed that this book, written jointly by Doctor Robert McAfee Brown and Father Gustave Weigel, S.J., signalized a breaking down of the wall, an initiation of religious dialogue as between Protestants and Catholics. But he observed, ruefully it seems, that Jewish-Catholic dialogue does not yet exist, that it "still remains for the future." Of laymen in the average congregation he noted that they "live and work together with their fellow Americans of other faiths, cooperate and quarrel with them in business, community affairs, and politics, but know virtually nothing about their religious life, and appear unconcerned, even reluctant, to find out."

JEROME TAYLOR is an associate professor of English at the University of Notre Dame who is this year serving as visiting professor at the University of Chicago.

More forcefully, in 1959 Rabbi Arthur Gilbert, director of the National Department of Inter-religious Cooperation of B'nai B'rith's Anti-Defamation League, in a stimulating essay he contributed to the book *American Catholics: A Protestant-Jewish View*, wrote as follows of religious dialogue between Jews and Catholics: ". . . the gap in communication that still exists between our two faith communities is of urgent concern . . . the Catholic Church has remained a forbidding and an unknown church to the religious Jewish community . . . the Roman Catholic priesthood remains the most inaccessible group of Christian clergy in the United States. Catholic churches are less often visited [by Jews], and there is but a minimum of organized and official contact between these two faith communities."

Again, in the May 1960 issue of the Bulletin of the Anti-Defamation League there appeared an article entitled "Catholic-Jewish Relations: The New Era of Pope John XXIII" by Benjamin R. Epstein, National Director of the League. The article described feelingly an audience between the Holy Father and a five-man delegation of B'nai B'rith at which Mr. Epstein was present. It reported the Pope as reminding the delegation that Catholics daily recite many psalms and passages from the Old Testament and as saying, "And you of the Old Testament and we of the New must come closer and closer, as brothers under God, to work for peace throughout the world."

As if to contribute to that closeness and peace the Pope spoke of, Mr. Epstein then went on to list, and reply to, several Jewish misconceptions about Catholicism and the Church. And here he cited the memorable words of the late Pius XII, "St. Paul tells us that the Jews are our brothers. Instead of being treated as strangers, they should be welcomed as friends."

ACTUALLY, some opportunity for Jewish-Catholic dialogue has existed for quite a while within the framework of such Protestant-Jewish-Catholic forums as the National Conference of Christians and Jews or the scholarly Institute for Religious and Social Studies, sponsored in New York by the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, with extensions in Boston and Chi-

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cago. By their very nature, however, these two endeavors do not allow for particular focus upon interests and problems relating to Judaism and Catholicism alone. The latter organization, moreover, is especially designed for clergymen of the different faith-groups and does not reach directly the masses of laymen whom Rabbi Gilbert seems to have in mind.

In addition, there is the Institute of Judaeo-Christian Studies at Seton Hall University, directed by Monsignor John M. Oesterreicher. This is devoted specifically to Jewish-Catholic relations, but its work, while solid and growing, is subject to a similar restriction. The need for meetings on the local level remains.

Among the problems connected with inaugurating Catholic-Jewish dialogue on the parish-congregation level, the question of objective is certainly first. What is to be hoped for from it?

The first thing to be hoped for is simply information and the benefits such information will bring. These are both social and religious. Who can know, much less appreciate, another person without some insight into his ultimate religious commitments and perspective? What is true of individuals is equally true of groups. An understanding of credal differences does not lessen those differences, but it does lessen others. The contribution which correct knowledge can make to the elimination of prejudice and false apprehension, hence to total solidarity in a pluralistic society, should be obvious. But there are also religious advantages beyond the merely social ones.

CAN ANY CATHOLIC learn the details of the Jewish Passover service without envisioning more meaningfully and vividly the precise conduct of the Last Supper and the whole significance of the Passion? Or, when he learns about the traditional search in every corner of a Jewish home to remove all trace of leaven for the paschal festivity, can he fail to find a fresh concreteness in the imagery of the Easter Sunday epistle: "Brethren, purge out the old leaven, that you may be a new paste . . . let us feast, not with the old leaven, with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth"?

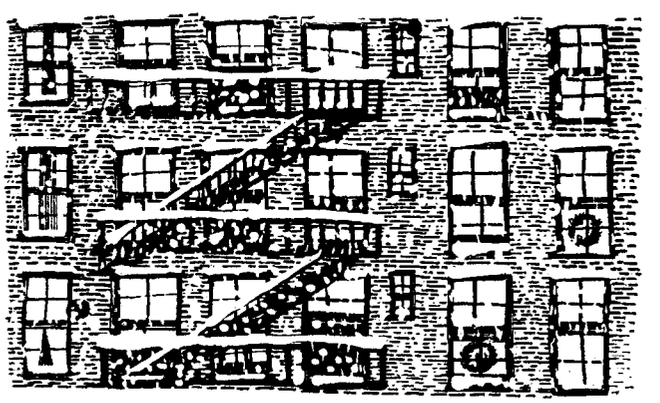
The ancient Jewish Feast of Lights, which celebrates the purification of the ancient Temple and features the bearing of palms or branches and the singing of the Hillel psalms, casts into new perspective the palm-bearing and hymn-singing with which the Light of the world was escorted into the sacred city, there to cleanse mankind as a new temple in spirit and truth. Or again, the Jewish Feast of Pentecost, which now celebrates the giving of the Mosaic Law upon Sinai, makes suddenly more meaningful the Christian feast commemorating the descent of the Holy Spirit, the "Finger of God's Right Hand," to trace upon the fleshly tables of the heart His new law of love. The fact that it was on the occasion of the Jewish Pentecost that the Spirit first descended emphasizes the comparison.

What is being claimed is not that Jewish-Catholic dialogue may enable Catholic congregations to draw fanciful comparisons between Jewish observances and their own; but rather, that through such comparisons, fanciful or not, they can better root their faith in the rich ground of Biblical history. They may have a better chance to break through to the scriptural vision of God at work in all history, to grasp something of the immense over-arching patience of God, who, in a tireless display of command, entreaty, lesson, punishment, mystery, blessing, gift, and promise, all commemorated in Jewish ritual and worship, sought to bring His people to fulfillment.

Set in the context of Old Testament salvation-history, the redemptive incarnation, the Church as the new Israel, the new People of God now comprising all the gentiles or nations, all take on new grandeur and meaning. Someone has said that modern Catholics fuss too exclusively with their individual sins and forget that man has been saved from Sin. No one can glimpse the Old Testament vision and remain self-preoccupied or convert religion into nothing more than a dismal process of self-sanctification through small sacrifices and petty pieties.

I will not presume to suggest what values accrue to a Jewish congregation from Jewish-Catholic dialogue. I am sure that such exist and that they may well involve an enrichment of Jewish conviction precisely as such. It would be an inexperienced person who would fear that either syncretism or religious indifferentism might result from such an exchange.

BUT CAN a Catholic wish to contribute to a Jew's appreciation of Judaism, or a Jew wish to enrich a Catholic's grasp of Catholic faith? What happens to religious conviction when it is content to foster divergent convictions in other men? What happens to missionary zeal, to love of truth? The attempt to answer these questions brings up the second advantage I see to such dialogue: encouragement of reverence for the mystery and autonomy of God's grace, and for the preciousness



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of every earnest search for truth and every hard-won conviction, even if the conviction might be judged to be objectively in error.

Jewish-Catholic dialogue, if it is to exist, must rest upon the joint agreement of audience and speaker to accept each other as persons who have sought or are seeking to recognize and acknowledge the word and will of God as best they may, with fear and with rejoicing; as persons who meet on a vital and personal level and under the eye of God to exchange, in mutual respect, the commitments they have made in their religious quest.

The Catholic speaker before a Jewish group inevitably speaks from his own conviction. He remembers Peter's injunction, "Be ready always with an answer to everyone who asks a reason for the hope that is in you. Yet do so with gentleness and fear" (1 Pet. 3:15-16); and perhaps Karl Adam's observation that "an investigation into the nature of Catholicism inevitably becomes a confession of faith, an expression of Catholic consciousness."

The Catholic would necessarily rejoice if his audience, in whole or part, were to acknowledge Jesus as Christ. And a Jewish speaker before a Catholic audience must, like every man of conviction I should think, feel comparably. Yet, so to feel is one thing; to proselytize is quite another. The Catholic, in presenting his exposition or in listening to a Jewish exposition, will remember that any man's genuine search for the Good is tantamount to baptism of desire, that God alone proves the hearts and reins of men, and that His sanctifying grace may more richly endow the non-Catholic than ever it will him.

SUCH AN attitude, when made explicit, clears the atmosphere of polemics. It removes suspicion of an offensive zeal, of what New York's Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath some months ago castigated as "religious imperialism" on the part of Christian "missionaries" to the Jews. It makes bed-rock religious discussion possible. Yet it need not be made explicit in a solemn or pompous manner. A priest friend of mine, speaking to a Jewish congregation, remarked that he felt rather like a car salesman who had been asked to display all the virtues of his product without selling a car. The audience understood; his comparison was received with easy laughter and applause.

When all suspicion, and all grounds for it, are truly removed, one can come at once, and without fear of offense, to the point which divides Judaism and Catholicism, namely Jesus—or Jehoshuah, to use His proper Hebrew name. The Catholic speaker before a Jewish audience will necessarily do so. Thus, after affirming the common faith of Jew and Catholic in the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob; in the Law and the Prophets as containing the word of God to His chosen people and, through them somehow, to the rest of mankind; in the sacred election of Abraham and his seed and in the spiritual primogeniture of Israel in the course of God's redemptive dealings with mankind: I found it necessary to explain why, as a Catholic, I judged Jesus to be the fulfilment of Israel's role in sacred history.

THE METHOD was to read and comment upon the beginnings of the synoptic Gospels, showing that they are open wide to the expanses of history that precede and follow the pivotal time with which they deal; showing above all that they have deep and intimate roots in Israel's history, to which they claim to stand as climax and without which Jesus Himself would be hard to comprehend. The genealogy at the head of Matthew's Gospel, the words of the angelic annunciation and of Mary's response as reported by Luke, the preaching of the Baptist with which Mark begins, were reviewed in the light of Judaic, pre-Christian conceptions of "the Prophet who is to come," of the *Ebed Yahweh* or Servant of the Lord, more specifically of the Suffering Servant, and of the *Mashiach* or Messiah.

Passages from the Old Testament, to which speaker and audience might respond together, were quoted at length, wherever possible from translations made by Jewish scholars. Differences between Judaic and Christian understanding of the passages were pointed out, and it was noted that the Church, while she believes with Jews in the divine inspiration of Judaic Scripture, will interpret the older Scripture from the standpoint of the fuller revelation, as she believes it to be, of the Gospel.

It was made clear, however, that the Church regards herself as continuous with Israel, as indeed Israel reconstituted and completed by the inclusion of all the nations, all the gentiles. Cited was Paul's characterization of Israel as an olive tree planted by God in the wilderness of this world—a tree from which many branches have cut themselves off through an honest rejection of Jesus, its finest flowering. Cited also, though, was Paul's stern warning to gentile Catholics of all time: ". . . if thou wert cut out of the *wild* olive tree, which is natural to thee, and, contrary to nature, were grafted into the *good* olive tree, how much more shall they that are the natural branches be grafted into their own olive tree?" (Rom. 11:24) Gentile Catholics, it was said, cut originally from a wild tree of unbelief and ingrafted into the good olive, cannot but see that it is the root of Israel which bears them.

As a climax to the presentation of Catholic belief in Jesus in relation to Judaic tradition, it was possible to quote the provocative thought expressed by Arthur A. Cohen in the essay he contributed to *American Catholics: A Protestant-Jewish View*. Speaking of Christian hope for the return of Jesus and traditional Jewish hope for the Messiah yet to come, he envisions the possibility

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that "the Messiah who *comes* for Israel" and "He who *returns*" for Christians may indeed turn out to be the same Person. "But then it should be recalled," he adds, "that this is the action of God and the work of His grace, before which both Israel and the nations stand." What place Jewish rejection of Jesus has in God's providence, I do not judge. But that it is envisioned in that providence, and, moreover, that Jewish-Catholic religious dialogue must serve the designs of that providence, I will not doubt.

ONE MIGHT have feared that my Jewish audience, for all its wish to respect the speaker's beliefs, would resent Christian interpretation of their Scripture as a presumptuous appropriation of Jewish heritage. Yet, the questions which occupied a protracted discussion until nearly midnight suggested not resentment but wonder that a Catholic should in fact regard his Church as so closely tied to Israel.

Did the Church truly regard herself in this light? If so, had this always been the case? Was there not something new in the Catholic attitude toward the Jews? Was it some new attitude which had prompted the Pope's removal of the prayer "pro perfidis Judaeis" from the Good Friday liturgy? Was this attitude toward Israel and the Jews being taught in parochial schools? Were Jews, then, no longer to be regarded simply as "Christ-killers"? Most pointedly, were Catholic parishes doing anything to make such a view of Israel's relationship to the Church common knowledge among the laity?

Perhaps the most moving comment came from a lady who said, after the session was over, that she had recently received a letter from a son presently living abroad. "He has written me that he is about to be baptized a Catholic," she said. "After this evening's discussion I realize that, as a Catholic, he will not be likely to regard himself as any less a Jew. I may not agree with him, but it comforts me to know this."

To be sure, one cannot generalize from a single experience. Yet this experience was such that one feels able to quote with complete approval the words of Rabbi Gilbert about the importance of Jewish-Catholic religious dialogue: "Although we are woefully ignorant of the details of each other's faith commitments, we know also, as Father Thurston Davis, S.J., once put it, that 'we share in divergent yet strongly cognate ways a common inheritance from the centuries. . . .' So Jew and Catholic, now Americans, sense a kinship that dates back centuries and a mystery in relationship that still must be worked out and understood in time."

IF, THEN, Jewish-Catholic religious dialogue holds out promise of mutual advantages, social and religious, and if attitudes to effectuate it are known, one comes to the last question. Should not Catholic effort be forthcoming to match the opportunities which Jewish congregations are providing for such dialogue?

It may well be that pastors will not feel that lectures by Jewish authorities to huge urban congregations are feasible or desirable. Yet what of Confraternity of Christian Doctrine adult discussion groups? Might they not provide the ideal context within which to entertain dialogue of this kind?

In pondering the question, perhaps Catholics may take an instructive lesson from an audience which Pope John XXIII granted to more than a hundred American leaders of the United Jewish Appeal last fall. Mr. Herbert A. Friedman, executive vice chairman of the U.J.A., presented the Pope with a hand-inscribed scroll in an olive-wood case from Jerusalem to express appreciation for "the outstanding role the Church played in saving many Jewish lives in the days of the Hitler terror." Reporting the event, the N.Y. *Times* for October 18, 1960, remarked: "The Pope addressed the Jewish group as 'Brothers, children of the same Father.' The Pontiff recalled the Biblical story of Joseph, whose brothers, coming to Egypt in search of food, addressed him as strangers until finally he could not restrain himself and said: 'I am your brother.'"

The Biblical allusion, as applied to this visit and, more largely, to the relations between Judaism and Catholicism in general, deserves to be meditated upon. For Catholics it may well epitomize, in the mysterious way of Scripture, what the relation between Judaism and the Church in fact *is*. At least, one hopes it may move Catholics to extend more active welcome to Jewish-Catholic dialogue, to which Jewish leaders have pointed the way.

A Statue of the Blessed Virgin Carven in Wood

Truly love wishes
to carve the changeful mouth to oracle,
take hand in hand
and lead her into the world. Beautiful yes
is the world, her lips would murmur,
the sweet-grained face quickening in memory

of Bethlehem or the child
her arms yearn toward, as though even we
held up a lien of innocence.

Eyes beyond reach of thirst
vindicate our hope; she descends
to shepherd girls we only hear of. Now

better to kneel under the dumb tree
that glories in her form, winters in her absence
but some spring, will thrust out
massive and delicate, ladders for her coming.

DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.

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MATTHEW M. MESTROVIC

Twilight in Hungary

Both Christianity and Communism seem to have suffered defeat

ON THE road to Budapest not so long ago I stopped in the cobble-stoned square of a village whose name I do not remember. It was almost noon, and the sun shone bright in a cloudless sky. Even so, the village, some twenty miles from the Austrian border, seemed empty and deserted. The only sign of life was an old woman in black who stared in silence from the open window of a one-story brick and mortar house on the square.

The massive oak door of the village church was ajar, and I opened it and stood alone in the somber nave of a spacious neo-Baroque church, with gilded ceiling, painted statues and happy, pink-cheeked cherubs. In front of the altar a catafalque draped in black indicated a requiem for someone recently deceased. I could not but think that perhaps the catafalque stood there for the whole of Hungary, that the requiem had been for those who died five years ago in reckless, futile revolt for freedom, and for those others who still live and carry on the drab, anonymous struggle for the daily bread of life.

Most physical reminders of the 1956 revolution have been erased in Hungary. The crumbling buildings shattered by Russian tanks and artillery have been repaired. The machine gun bullet holes that peppered the walls have been plastered and the façades freshly painted. The faces of the peasants clattering along paved roads in horse-drawn carts are sullen and impassive. All that remains is a gnawing rancor eating at the heart—hatred for the Russians who brutally smashed the uprising, bitterness at what they see as the West's brave words and spineless deeds, anger at their own folly in provoking the harsh retribution.

Five years have passed since the Russian troops put down the Hungarian Revolution, and ever since, large numbers of Russian soldiers have been quartered in the conquered land, a reminder of the past and a warning for the future. The presence of these powerful Soviet contingents testifies to Russia's determination to defend by force of arms if need be its primacy in Eastern Europe—the fruit of World War II victories. The Hungarians learned this lesson in 1956, and it is doubtful whether in our time they will again dare challenge Russia's military power. A middle-aged Hungarian put it like this: "What we did in 1956, a generation of men does, at best, once in a lifetime."

You see them everywhere, the Russian masters of Hungary. Blue-eyed, pink-cheeked Russian recruits in brown uniforms ride past in trucks and jeeps. They stand guard at military installations bearing signs in Russian. They stroll through the streets, gazing at store displays. They are unmistakably part of the Hungarian scene, and yet they remain foreign and apart. I saw no Hungarian girls with the Russian soldiers, no Russian and Hungarian soldiers in comradely groups.

THE FIGURE usually given for Soviet troops in Hungary ranges from 50,000 to 60,000—but to the traveler they seem legion. They are everywhere, everywhere except in Budapest, the focal point of the 1956 revolt. In Budapest only the huge monument on Gellert Hill, rising steeply on the right bank of the Danube, stands in silent tribute to Russian conquest. Atop a stone pylon a bronze maiden holds high the olive branch of peace. Below is a Russian soldier, also in bronze, with tommy-gun, munition belt, buttons and insignia all carefully rendered—an ugly example of the socialist realism which still dominates Hungarian art. On a curved wall which forms the backdrop to the monument are carved the names of the Russian officers and soldiers who perished in the battle for Budapest in 1944. On the stone pylon these words are inscribed in Russian and Hungarian: "To the Russian liberators, a grateful Hungarian nation." Night and day a policeman guards the monument—perhaps from damage by the grateful Hungarians.

Looking down from the monument Budapest sprawls at your feet. To the north, perched on a ridge is old fortified Buda, the ancient seat of Hungary's kings. At the southern end of Buda rises the huge, blackened shell of the royal palace destroyed by the Russians during the great war. Just across the Danube from Gellert Hill stands the huge, domed neo-Gothic parliament building, a somewhat grotesque reminder of Hungary's imperial pretensions of the past. The gaudy, ornate capital city of two million is much too enormous for a nation of ten million people. Budapest grew in an age when Hungary was almost three times its present size and when Hungarians were a master nation lording over an equal number of unwilling subjects—Rumanians, Slovaks, Ruthenians, Croats, Serbs. World War I crumbled this imperial Hungary, and now a

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truncated Hungary is a client nation of the Soviet Union.

Since the ill-fated uprising of 1956, the government of Janos Kadar has made valiant efforts to rebuild Budapest and the nation, and raise drastically the living standards of the people. Buildings and factories damaged in the fighting have been repaired, and a great deal of new construction is visible in and around Budapest, though the housing shortage remains acute and one-tenth of Hungary's families still must double up with friends and relatives.

The stores on Kossuth Utce and other main avenues are well stocked with bicycles, motor scooters, TV sets, radios, refrigerators, and an assortment of other durable and semi-durable goods, giving Budapest an air of relative prosperity. The prices are high compared to wages, and a winter coat may cost more than a month's earnings, a pair of shoes a week's wage. Men go about in open shirts, and a surprising number of Hungarian women, once famed for elegance and beauty, now wear baggy slacks. And yet one does not encounter abject poverty in Budapest, nor does one see beggars in the streets.

IN 1956, of course, the economic system of Hungary ground to a halt. The end of the Hungarian revolt found the industrial system completely exhausted, and only massive Soviet shipments of industrial raw materials, fuel and food prevented complete economic paralysis. In the past five years the Russians have poured into Hungary an estimated $300,000,000 worth of aid, a startling change from Stalin's time when the economies of the satellite nations were milked for the benefit of Mother Russia. This changed relationship among the nations of the "Socialist camp" was loudly praised by Hungarian Communists to whom I spoke.

The government in Hungary is the dispenser of all blessings. Last spring the government chose to abolish the People's Courts which had been set up to punish the "counter-revolutionaries" of 1956. More recently, Premier Janos Kadar announced that he was considering abolishing the social-background tests for the admission of students to universities. These tests had kept the students of bourgeois origin (presumably the ringleaders of the 1956 revolt) down to forty-five per cent of the total enrollment. Simultaneously, the government has made it easier for Western visitors and ideas to enter Hungary. Bookstores offer recent translations of James Joyce, John Steinbeck, Albert Camus, Graham Greene, Guillaume Appolinaire and Dylan Thomas, as well as works by Russian and Hungarian authors. All these welcome signs of "liberalization" may indicate, however, no more than a growing consolidation of Communist power and a weakening of active opposition to the existing order.

While giving with one hand, the government has taken away with the other. As far as the Catholic Church is concerned, the Communist government has been tightening the noose—slowly, but relentlessly. To postpone the inevitable as long as possible, the recently deceased Archbishop Joseph Groesz gave support to the Russian "peace campaign," accepted chairmanship of the state-sponsored Catholic "peace movement" *Opus Pacis*, attended a reception for Khrushchev in 1958 and even expressed general approval of the government's collectivization drive.

Conciliation, however, does not seem to have brought the Church the hoped-for respite. From the Communists' point of view the bending of the Church was inadequate. The arrest and trial last summer of twelve priests and laymen on charges of "conspiring against the state," perversion, and ties with the Nazis served warning that the government would brook no opposition. To compound the grief, the "peace priests" movement openly applauded the Communist drive against the Church. *Uj Ember*, the organ of the "patriotic" priests, charged that the Church was collectively responsible for its erring sons. Futhermore—according to *Uj Ember*—many high Church dignitaries who are hostile to Hungary's socialist order are still left unpunished. Things have reached a melancholy state in Hungary—a nation two-thirds Catholic. Masses are half empty, ecclesiastics do not dare to walk in the streets in priestly garb, the three archdioceses are vacant and two bishops are in jail. Of the five remaining diocesan bishops, two are in their seventies and one is eighty-two years old.

Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty, the titular head of the Hungarian Catholics has remained since November 4, 1956, within the walls of the United States embassy, silent and isolated from his people. His presence in the embassy tends to exacerbate the already strained relations between U.S. diplomats and Hungarian officials. Six or more uniformed policemen and secret police agents stand guard at the embassy night and day, presumably to prevent the escape of the old and ailing Cardinal. In recent months members of Hungary's government have intimated a desire to resolve the thorny problem of the Cardinal's presence in the embassy in talks with American officials. And yet the refusal of the Hungarian government to permit Mindszenty to travel to Rome for the election of Pope John

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XXIII in 1958 indicates that the Communists derived some advantage from the Cardinal's confinement in the heart of Budapest.

Perhaps the most portentous development in post-1956 Hungary has been the growing nihilism of the youth. These young men, sporting long hair, narrow pants and corduroy jackets, live in a desert of profound disillusionment, in a world shorn of ideals and noble convictions. They say, "We have seen too many mistakes and too many failures," and they pride themselves on believing in nothing. You see young Hungary at dusk whiling away time to the tune of American jazz hits in cafés on Margit island in the Danube.

When you ask these young people what is the goal of their existence they say, "We want to live in comfort." A growing number of them—judging by Hungarian press reports—are resorting to hooliganism, attacking people in the ill-lit streets, assaulting women, starting brawls in restaurants, looting and stealing. And when in the end man turns upon himself in helpless disgust and rage, suicide may provide a welcome escape from this meaningless life. Imre Sarkadi, one of Hungary's most talented writers, described this emptiness of the sensual life in his story "The Coward," and then ended his own life at forty. It seems that in this faithless generation both Christianity and Communism have suffered defeat.

LEAVING Budapest at dawn I drove south towards Szeged and the Yugoslav border. The road, lined with trees, passes through meadows and fields of corn and wheat and rye and sugar beets. On a sunny day the hay smells sweet, and if one stops, the buzz of bees sucking nectar from the wild flowers of the field fills the ear. And yet there is no joy in the brightness of day for the silent, sullen people harvesting the fields.

Last year the peasants' land was seized by the government and they were herded into collectives. Only one who has lived through the collectivization of 1959-60 can describe the farmer's agony and despair at the loss of his land. "Where is the justice of this?" cries a farmer in Joseph Darvas' play "Fire at Dawn." "I sold my youth, my wife's youth, for eleven acres of land, I toiled like a beast of burden." Now farmers in collectives are paid wages based both on the type and the amount of work done. Yet the revolution which is transforming Hungary's peasants—one-third of the people—into agricultural wage-earners was accomplished swiftly and with only a muffled murmur of protest. Five years ago the spirit of the nation was shattered by Russian tanks in the bloody streets of Budapest.

And what of the future? Foremost among the realities shaping Hungary's destiny are the presence of sizable Soviet contingents on Hungarian soil and the geographical contiguity of the two nations. This reality is the guarantor of a Communist government in Budapest friendly to the Soviet Union. The brutal lesson of 1956 has not been lost on the Hungarians, nor for that matter on the Poles, who wisely avoided a similar fate.

The suppression of the Hungarian revolt has rendered the people of all the satellite nations more cautious in their demands for freedom, and thus has tended to strengthen rather than weaken, for the present at least, the primacy of the Soviet Union. This consequence of the Hungarian revolt is usually glossed over in the West, but not by people one talks to in Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia.

In Hungary where revolt against Soviet domination was most volcanic, opposition to the existing order received a mortal blow in the turbulent November five years ago. The revolt unmasked the most determined oppositionists, and after the suppression of the uprising they fled into exile or were hunted down and jailed or killed.

The inability of the West to aid the revolt with anything except expressions of horror has convinced many Hungarian intellectuals that the great democracies are weak and venal. The dismal failure of the Cuban invasion and continued Soviet space successes—unendingly proclaimed by Communist propaganda—have increased the Hungarians' fear of Soviet power and spread doubt regarding the ability of free nations to withstand in the long run the onward march of Communism.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Hungarian intellectuals increasingly accept the permanence of a "Communist Hungary" linked closely to the Soviet Union. They place hope for a better future in the gradual evolution and mellowing of the Communist system rather than its elimination. They see a freer but still Communist Hungary emerging out of the growing dissonance evident in the Soviet bloc, particularly the rivalry between Russia and Communist China.

At my journey's end, I neared Hungary's border when the sun had sunk low and the shadows of approaching night were falling fast. It was almost six, and I listened for the ring of bells tolling vespers. But they did not sound. In Hungary, I thought, the bells no longer call the living or even mourn the dead.

Winter Song

Out of stillness deep as sunken stone
light comprehends the night's intended drift:
clear stars that find their certitude alone
strike glory from the planets till the afterimage
widens to the stirred pool's rim.
O lightly rides the heavens' weight
(as Spirit broods and starbirds skim)
where waters sing under their burden of delight
the Virgin Mother's flowering.

SISTER MARY GILBERT, S.N.J.M.

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HARVEY COX

Rome, Delhi and the Council

A Protestant reports on the Assembly at New Delhi

DURING THE CLOSING days of the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches at New Delhi, a group of weary delegates, at one of the dingy hotels pressed into service for the occasion, looked up from their rice and curry to see two nuns of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin enter and sit at a table. The sisters turned out to be guests of the Sikh proprietor's daughter, a student at their convent school. In a few moments the girl joined her teachers at the table, the only one not occupied by World Council delegates. This unpretentious visit of the nuns to their pupil at her father's hotel moved one of the delegates, a Norwegian bishop, to remark gravely to his dinner companion, a Ceylonese Methodist, "The Lord keeps on reminding us in all sorts of strange ways that we're not really *the* ecumenical movement."

What are the implications of New Delhi for the future of the dialogue between Roman Catholic and non-Roman Catholic Christians? This question can be pondered from two perspectives, symbolized by two of the most important events of the New Delhi Assembly: the admission into membership of a large number of new churches, and the merger of the International Missionary Council into the World Council. They are signs of the World Council's increasing concern for mission as well as for unity.

First, the admission of so many new churches makes it entirely inaccurate to think of the World Council as a "Protestant" movement. The fact is that Orthodox churches have been a part of its life in various ways ever since its founding. But now the vast majority of the communions within the World Council, especially the Anglican and Orthodox, would be most uncomfortable with the designation "Protestant." The Orthodox contribution especially is bound to be much more vigorously expressed. On the question of unity, for example, Dr. Nikos A. Nissiotis of the Greek Orthodox Church, in a major address, made quite explicit his hopes about the forthcoming Vatican Council.

Recalling that the Eastern churches had never denied the *primus inter pares* status of the Bishop of Rome, Nissiotis suggested that these churches were prepared to re-think the whole question in the light of "new developments." He explained that just as the Patriarch of Constantinople now provides a necessary link between the Eastern churches by taking the initiative in convening pan-Christian councils, so there must be "psychological and theological preparation for the restoration of this function of the undivided Church as one of the most fundamental means of preserving unity." Leaving no doubt where this responsibility should lie in the "undivided Church," Dr. Nissiotis concluded by hoping that the Second Vatican Council "will reevaluate the diocesan system by a reinterpretation of the primacy of the Holy See, in the full and Catholic and Orthodox sense of *ex consensu Ecclesiae et non ex esse.*"

As Assistant Director of the World Council's famous Ecumenical Institute at Bossey, Switzerland, the first Orthodox theologian to hold such a position, Dr. Nissiotis speaks for an important segment—since New Delhi a rather large segment—of the World Council's vast constituency. But it is only a segment. The Orthodox voice represents after all only one melodic line in an increasingly polyphonic and complex ecumenical score.

DECISIVELY important for the future of the World Council, albeit nearly unnoticed by the world press, is the fact that among the twenty-three communions admitted to full membership on the same day that the Russian, Rumanian and Bulgarian Orthodox churches entered, were two Pentecostal churches from Latin-America.

Thus what Bishop Leslie Newbigin once called the "third stream" of Christendom now joins the "catholic" and "protestant" streams in the ecumenical conversation within the World Council. These two Pentecostal churches, representing the fastest-growing denomination in Christendom, will certainly be followed by others; and it would be folly not to recognize that the presence of the Pentecostal voice within the World Council will not make relationships between the World Council and Rome one bit easier. The astonishing growth of these churches has many times taken place in countries of Roman Catholic or nominal Roman Catholic allegiance. The two new member churches, for instance, are from Chile. It is true that they develop most often where even Roman Catholics sadly admit their Church's life and witness has not been at its best; nevertheless, tensions between Pentecostals and other

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more "established" churches will undoubtedly persist for a long time.

IT SHOULD immediately be emphasized that the Roman Catholic Church is by no means the only communion which has difficulty in applying the principle of "pluralism" to Pentecostals. The fact is that Orthodox, Anglican and Protestant churches are also challenged and disturbed in various places by the spectacular success of Pentecostal movements within what they have often considered to be their own established bailiwicks. The embarrassment of these "more mature" churches is often compounded because the lay enthusiasm and missionary zeal among Pentecostals all too often is painfully reminiscent of the spirit of the apostolic church. Learning to live with Pentecostals will not be easy, either within or without the World Council; and it is interesting to note that the Pentecostal churches which are members of the World Council come from Latin-America where the Roman Catholic is the majority church and not from Europe, North America or Asia where that role is played more often by Orthodox and Protestant bodies.

For many years to come, the World Council will continue to provide an opportunity for dialogue between the majority and minority churches of a given area, a dialogue which is frequently not possible anywhere else. World Council officials now anticipate, since the admission of the Russian Orthodox Church, that the vigorous Association of Baptist Churches of the U.S.S.R., representing some three to five million members, will apply for membership.

Indeed, Russian Archbishop Nikodim has indicated privately that he hopes this will happen, suggesting a willingness on the part of the Orthodox Church in one area to accept and live in dialogue with a Church which it must have viewed, at least in the past, as an interloper. Conversation between these two churches in the World Council will certainly have important ramifications in the homeland.

Thus in admitting to the World Council on the same day what amounts to an Orthodox majority and what amounts to an entirely new body of churches, the Pentecostals, the New Delhi Assembly has made further conversation with Rome at once more possible and more delicate. On the one hand, churches cherishing a theological idiom in some ways more familiar to Roman Catholics now form a larger part of the Council. On the other hand, the Council now includes, and will certainly include more, churches whose style of life must appear perplexing to Roman Catholics, if not at times plainly pestiferous. New Delhi may provoke a Roman Catholic reexamination of its practice in dealing with other churches not only in sociologically pluralistic areas like the U.S., but in areas of traditional Catholic dominance, like Latin-America.

When one turns from the question of unity to that of mission, the impact of New Delhi on World Council-Roman Catholic dialogue becomes more problematical. If the admission of several new churches precludes forever the possibility of thinking of the Council as "protestant," so the absorption of the International Missionary Council makes it impossible to think of the World Council as merely, or even mainly, a movement for church unity. Again, though Roman Catholics have often been most interested in its church unity aspects, the World Council has never been *just* this.

Ever since Amsterdam the World Council has shown a continuing concern for the renewal of the life and mission of the churches. Now, especially since New Delhi with its deep interest in evangelism, social justice, refugee relief and inter-church aid, the World Council is badly misunderstood if it is viewed in terms of unity alone. "Unity" must now be seen, as the Archbishop of Canterbury insisted in his assembly address, only "together with holiness and apostolicity." From now on, the quest for unity must be understood within an even more pressing ecumenical concern for renewal and mission.

This emphasis of the New Delhi assembly on the Church as the Servant of the world took many forms. One was a renewed emphasis on a vigorous secular ministry of the laity in the work of political and economic reconciliation in the world: for new types of congregations to match the new functional groupings in which modern men live, for experiments in church life outside traditional parish lines. All this means both new opportunities and new problems in World Council-Roman Catholic cooperation. Certainly the inclination of the Assembly to think of moral problems in the modern world in structural and institutional categories rather than in individualistic terms suggests potentially fruitful points of contact with traditional Roman Catholic social ethics.

BUT HOW will Roman Catholics, even those taught by Father Yves Congar, deal with the "advanced" thinking on the ministry of the laity which was coming from the World Council? Even before New Delhi this has been, for many observers, its most significant theological contribution. This thinking now envisions a church with "many ministries of which the ordained is only one." And within the councils of the churches, laymen are beginning to exercise the role of a kind of "loyal opposition."

Thus at New Delhi, Klaus von Bismarck a young German layman could say to the clergy in a major address, "You cannot from the pulpit penetrate the world with Christ's word and act of redemption . . . It is through *our* ministry that Christ manifests the cosmic dimension of His victory on the cross." He argued that because the professional concern of the clergy is so

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much taken up with that one phase of the Church's life which occurs when it is assembled for corporate worship, they "have little understanding for our solidarity with our non-Christian colleagues and neighbors." He urged a partnership of equals to fulfill Christ's ministry in the world.

Laymen are also playing a more decisive role in the shaping of the World Council. In at least one section a small rebellion occurred when a group of laymen insisted that the language in the draft report would make no sense to the laymen in their homelands and insisted it be thrown out and done again. For the first time two laymen (Sir Francis Ibiam of Nigeria, and Charles Parlin of the U.S.A.) sit on the six-man World Council Presidium. And this is not merely a symbolic gesture. Laymen participated fully not only in the sections dealing with social issues, but also in the sections where basic theological statements were being forged. Is it possible that this growing lay participation in the deliberations of the World Council might stimulate those voices within the Roman Catholic Church which are calling for a more integral place for the laity in the Church?

NEW DELHI's significance cannot be fully evaluated until many years have passed. Certainly the presence of Roman Catholic observers at the very heart of the proceedings will be enormously helpful in enabling Roman Catholics to appreciate what really went on. It would certainly be desirable for them to be given wide opportunity to share and evaluate their experience and appreciation within the Roman community. They were present not only at all the plenary sessions but more importantly in the intimate sub-sections and sub-committee meetings where candid exchanges between East and West, between Europe and Asia, between Orthodox and Baptist, between clergy and laity often went on.

The great value of Roman Catholic exposure to these depths of World Council wrestlings can hardly be overestimated. It may suggest some possibilities for those responsible for the planning of the Second Vatican Council—an event mentioned by the General-Secretary in his opening address as evidence of the freshening winds of the ecumenical spirit. Several Roman Catholic writers have already urged the presence of World Council observers at the Vatican Council. If these observers could be brought not just to the periphery but, as far as possible, into the center of these deliberations, the task of mutual understanding could be immeasurably advanced.

And, who knows? Their presence close to the heart of the work of the Second Vatican Council might serve in a complementary way the same purpose served so unconsciously by two Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin paying a visit to their pupil in a Delhi hotel.

THE STAGE

Bad Connection

To the horror of all who were present that day
He uprose in full evening dress,
And with senseless grimaces endeavoured to say
What his tongue could no longer express.
—The Hunting of the Snark

"THE APPLE" is a tremendous disappointment and a near disaster. More than that, it's a communal disaster, because we had hoped for so much from it, those of us at least who thought "The Connection" one of the two or three authentically new American dramas of the past few years. The theater is a cruel place, and there is usually not much point in wasting tears on failure, but this time the playwright's loss is barely distinguishable from ours.

The root of the catastrophe lies in a wildly misdirected aim, for "The Apple" is nothing like the play Gelber presumably wanted it to be. The most obvious truth about the Theater of the Absurd, on whose stages "The Apple" clearly wants to exist, is that its grimaces are only apparently senseless, that they in fact make a new kind of sense which is just what this new drama is all about. But the impression "The Apple" conveys from the start is not one of nonsense releasing new meaning but of largely sterile nonsense mounting finally to chaos, and chaos, moreover, of a peculiarly aggressive and willful kind.

Perhaps an image of chaos is what Gelber intended. But, as Pirandello wrote in explanation of his own radical achievements, "to present a chaos is not at all to present chaotically," and in fact "The Apple" is almost nothing but choatic procedure; there is nothing organic, no image, of chaos or anything else—that's just what's so wrong. There is only a succession of moments that fight each other off and cancel each other out. The disorder, the parody and the destructive energy have nothing to contain them and give them outline or mass, so that they simply fly off. The effect, if you can imagine it, is of a centrifugal force operating without a center.

"The Connection" got by through the depth, coherence and originality of its central image, which was, as in Beckett's "Godot," that of a "waiting." The addicts hanging around for their fix, engaged in activity and conversation of an extreme solipsism and ineffectuality, constituted a serious and poetic statement of an existential situation. The jazz helped greatly, as amplification of the image and non-verbal commentary on the play's themes. Behind everything lay bitterness and mockery, controlled however by a counterbalancing thrust towards acceptance of infirmity, solitude and

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metaphysical anguish. We are all addicts of one kind or another, the play said when it wasn't being a sociological broadside, and we all have a Cowboy for whom we wait.

What does "The Apple" say of us, what vision does it give of our condition? Behind the spectacle of dramaturgy gone berserk you sense the intention: to inform us that we do not want enough, or that what we do want is contemptible, that we are all hung up on one or another illusion and that life is a series of deadly mirages and our formal attempts to interpret it a set of clichés. Like "The Connection," the play's cast is an abstract community, representing us all, but much more closely tied this time to certain prototypes: an action painter and his whoring wife, a homosexual intellectual, an embittered Negro, a beat Chinese girl, a spastic. And into the midst of this group of secessionists, whose ostensible hipness Gelber is at great pains to mock (so as to leave nobody unfingered) there irrupts the archetypal square—a bar room bigot who hates Negroes and Jews and is throbbing with megalomania, aggression and self-pity.

It is painful to have to say so, but he shares those qualities with his creator. To begin with, what else but an inflated sense of his own powers could have led Gelber to so unmanageable an *omnium gatherum* of styles and devices—mime, slapstick, grand guignol, parody, dadaist caperings, the use of insect and animal masks, the whole thing interspersed with patches of lyricism and moments of tough realism—to take from, like a kleptomaniac not an inheritor, Courteline, Jarry, Ionesco, Albee, Genet, the Marx Brothers, Henry Morgan and Pirandello, and to exacerbate things still further with shots, explosions, whistles, off-stage microphones and rough-stuff in the wings?

The play, for all its energy and real though sporadic humor, comes on like a sustained assault upon the senses and has the quality of a desperate piling up of elements in an effort to keep the attack rolling. There is something cancerous about it; my companion whispered to me at one point that it wasn't ever going to end, that someone was in the wings grinding out new material which was immediately fed to the actors, and that there were relays waiting to take over.

Do I sound belligerent myself? Well, Gelber makes it clear he wants to make his hearers angry. But does he want them to get angry because they're bored, or because their values have been challenged? If he were as sophisticated as his audiences, he'd see what a losing game he's playing. "The Connection" just did survive its adolescent pretense at "really happening," and its running vendetta with the people in the seats. In "The Apple" the thing fails miserably from the start. The moment a character says that "You're going to witness and maybe be part of some destructive scenes," hostility sets in of a very different order from what this junior Genet intends. And all that selling of coffee that's brewed on stage and the nightly auctioning off of the painter's work makes the embarrassment soar.

"It could be you up there." I'm afraid not. You either work your alchemical changes on illusion and reality entirely on the stage, like Pirandello, or you implicate the audience with the actors at a far deeper level of the former's consciousness than Gelber ever reaches, at the level of dream and erotic fantasy, as in Genet. It simply won't work on anything but a ritualistic or obsessional plane; the conscious mind of any audience, even the squarest, is perfectly able to distinguish between reality and the esthetic artifact, and the will of any audience can be bent to a transformation of life, an enhancement, an escape or a glossing, but not to the acceptance of something purporting to *be* life.

What makes Gelber, so evidently talented, persist in being a gadfly-*manqué*? For one thing, I think he envies the position of France's playwrights, who do have influence, and imagines that he can singlehandedly create the conditions for such influence here. But more important, he seems to me to be in despair about his own situation, or vocation—he doesn't really know whether he's cut out for a policeman, a political-science instructor, a hophead, a labor organizer, a stand-up comedian or an impresario of neurotic dancing. And finally, the way he deals with his disturbance is, I think, to try to beat us down. In this, he represents the latest manifestation of Yeats' cautionary figure: the man who instead of making poetry out of his quarrel with himself, makes rhetoric out of his quarrel with others. (*At the Living Theater.*) RICHARD GILMAN

THE SCREEN

Roman Stone Gathers No Moss

CONTINUING to release as many films in December as the theaters can possibly take on, the movie companies now submit several sexy items, American and foreign. Some of these are little more than character sketches with such meager plots that they would have served better as episodes in "La Dolce Vita" than as full-blown movies.

"The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," as one instance, is a sad and grim vignette about a middle-aged American actress who goes to the dogs in Rome while drifting through days of boredom after the death of her elderly, rich husband. Introduced to a handsome young man (Warren Beatty) by a mercenary contessa (brilliantly and realistically portrayed by Lotte Lenya as "a female pimp who supplies boys to all comers") the awakened Mrs. Stone discovers sex in a big way. Even

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after she becomes aware of the trap she has fallen into, Mrs. Stone continues to "keep" the young man in style—until the inevitable day when the pandering contessa assigns him to a younger and more lucrative prey. Then the bitter, unhappy Mrs. Stone throws her apartment key to the even-more-disreputable gigolo who has been sinisterly following her for the past few days waiting for just this opportunity, and so this depressing picture ends.

I doubt if any film could have put over Tennessee Williams' unpleasant story, but Louis de Rochemont's production fails even to make it interesting. Gavin Lambert's script and Jose Quintero's direction are rather flat, and little about the film, except Lotte Lenya's diabolic portrait of evil, carries conviction. Vivian Leigh plays the lead role well, and looks fine as the well-preserved actress; but that's the major flaw with the movie: no one could believe that this wealthy, famous, attractive actress would have to buy a companion in Rome.

EVEN LESS likely are the themes that "Something Wild" is trying to put over. After the credit titles, which are beautifully designed by Saul Bass and incorporate such stunning views of New York that one can hardly read the credits, the picture itself opens with a scene of sickening violence. Carroll Baker, as a college girl on her way home one summer night, is brutally raped. She crawls home, huddles by the radiator, cuts up her clothes and flushes them down the drain, scrubs herself vigorously—but she never tells her mother or stepfather what happened.

A few days later, still in a state of half-shock, the girl runs aways, wanders around New York City, rents a cheap room, takes a job at Woolworth's, becomes more and more depressed because she can't stand to have anyone touch her, attempts suicide from a bridge, and is rescued by a garage mechanic who takes her home to his basement apartment and insists she stay with him, locks her in actually, because she represents his last chance. The mechanic's intentions turn out to be honorable; he wants to marry her, but the film never explains why she is his last chance—unless it's to save him from the trap of his lonely bachelorhood and drinking bouts.

The main trouble with "Something Wild" is that it doesn't explain many things. Director Jack Garfein (who wrote the script with Alex Karmel from Karmel's novel *Mary Ann*) goes in for a poetic kind of realism that becomes rather pretentious. He dwells on details and skips essentials; the shots of New York are very effective but there are too many of them, and the girl walks around the city so much she becomes the greatest long-distance hiker since Evangeline.

Carroll Baker is quite good in the difficult lead role, but one gets worn out by her problems, the unanswered questions and the repeated close-ups of her bewildered face. Ralph Meeker is moving as the vague "last chance" man who offers marriage, and Mildred Dunnock is properly repelling as the girl's self-centered, whining mother. As entertainment, however, or even as serious social comment, "Something Wild" seems merely something crazy.

NOW that the French New Wave isn't splashing so high any more, perhaps Philippe de Broca is tired of being known as the New Wave director of comedies. Like "The Love Game" and "The Joker," comedies in which agile Jean-Pierre Cassel danced from bed to bed, de Broca's new picture is also concerned mainly with sex and it does have a few amusing moments; most of it, however, is rather pathetic and sad.

The lead characters in "The Five Day Lover" are a day-dreaming, night-roving housewife and mother (Jean Seberg) and a kept young man (the nimble Mr. Cassel again) who is willing to leave the older woman who's supporting him to marry the attractive young dreamer. But wacky Jean has no intention of leaving her husband and children on weekends, even though she finds Jean-Pierre irresistible on the other five days of the week. Her husband (Francois Perier) is satisfied with the present arrangement as long as his wife is happy, but Jean-Pierre's aging, hard-working mistress (Micheline Presle) is not, and she cooks up a scheme to end it.

Ultimately "The Five Day Lover" turns out to have too many pensive situations to be considered a comedy, and too many attempts at humor to be taken seriously. Maybe the whole thing was an ill-considered mistake, an example of the moral vacuum that "La Dolce Vita" deplored.

MOST of "No Love for Johnnie" is a fascinating portrait of an ambitious opportunist, a Labor M.P. from Yorkshire. The British film, produced by Betty E. Box and directed by Ralph Thomas, is amazingly cynical and bitter as it traces the ruthless methods of a selfish and self-centered man. Amidst much political maneuvering and backstage conniving in the House of Commons, the story takes a great deal of time to dwell on Johnnie's problems with the three women in his life: his Communist wife (Rosalie Crutchley), the girl upstairs who wants to move in when the wife leaves (Billie Witelaw), and his pretty young model (Mary Peach) who becomes his sleeping companion—until she wakes up and gives him the gate.

Peter Finch, an always reliable actor, comes through well as Johnnie, who holds our interest if not our admiration. Unfortunately, the film is peculiarly pieced together, and I suspect it has been greatly cut: Johnnie's sex drives are not skimped, but some of his other obsessions are.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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NORA MAGID

Noah's Arks and Dolls with Measles

A venture into the wild world of toys

IN THE soaring sixties, everything is changing, we are told. Is the world of toys changing too?

Recently I made several expeditions into that world—to the New York Historical Society, which like the City Museum has an excellent collection of old toys, to several department stores and to the specialized toy emporia so dear to the young in heart. Among the toys of years past, I saw handsome Noah's Arks, hand-carved, surrounded by as many as three hundred meticulously detailed animals; primitive jumping jacks and pull-toys—horses, mainly, but also one magnificently stupid and dignified camel; a whole wooden village in which the carrots at the stall are larger than the wooden babe in arms; early paper dolls with touchingly faded wardrobes of the period; real dolls, rosy-cheeked, blankly blue-eyed, with remarkably vacant faces, hefty china shoulders and limp cloth arms.

Like all museum pieces, these of course represent a sampling of the best that has survived, and there have doubtless always been horrors in every period. But when I look, for example, at the birds and beasts carved by an itinerant Pennsylvania Dutchman a century ago in return for lodgings, I think I detect love and pleasure in the making, as well as goods rendered for service.

At the toy shop of today, the affluent child may indulge himself beyond the boundaries of reason, imagination or sanity. I watched a large black poodle recoil defensively from the Steiff animals larger than life, and I found I shared his apprehension. What small child in his right mind could possibly want or need a Teddy Bear over five feet high, express weight ninety pounds, cost $295? The dolls, and there are still many charming, pretty ones, include also an indubitably expensive babe—brassy in red taffeta decolleté and costume jewels, hair swept up in an elaborate French knot.

When I was little and experienced the apparently familiar need to provide my dolls with childhood diseases, I lovingly and carefully painted measles all over their biscuit faces. If the spots were there to stay, a development I had not been bright enough to foresee, and if that proved tiresome, at least I learned a lesson of sorts. Besides, the act itself had been engrossing as well as destructive. Today's small girl heeds no such inner call to action. Her doll—Patty-Kix, Kissy, Chatty Cathy ("I say eleven different phrases. You never know what I'll say next") comes also in the person of Hedda Get Bedda. Hedda, who sells for $7.95, has three rubber faces which can be twisted into focus by a knob. Hedda smiles, Hedda (appropriately) grimaces, and, as an extra attraction, Hedda gets the measles—only the measles face seems to have had a stroke to boot. If this isn't horrendous enough, for the really grisly child there's Marybel (for once the name doesn't give the show away). She comes complete with crutches, band-aids, bandages, dark glasses to shield her sickly eyes, casts for her broken arms and legs, yellow removable chicken-pox and pink removable measles ($19.98). In this most permissive of all possible worlds, all contingencies are anxiously anticipated; dolly has to have built-in all the possibilities of her experience.

YESTERDAY'S mellow and gracious doll's house is now a "moderne" job of seedy plastic, fringed with frozen foam rubber foliage. Further, it has evolved into a public house, named the Hotel Marina, straight out of someone's Technicolor Neapolitan nightmare. Built of imitation greeny-yellow stucco, adorned with Cinzano and travel ads and birdcages, it is significantly two-dimensional. One never can get inside to find out what goes on behind the discreetly pulled-down Venetian blinds, and in view of what is going on in front, it's just as well. Thanks to a motor that keeps everything literally jumping, it is a study in nervous disorganization. On one terrazzo, a gentleman bear, tastefully attired in blue diaper and hat to match, tilts a bottle. His companion—one assumes her to be the little woman—in red striped skirt, no top, and green felt bonnet, jumps up and down with joy, while extending her plush arms in queenly greeting to the mob. From another balcony, a housekeeping bear in lace mobcap shakes a dustmop. Downstairs, a bear-porter, leaning heavily on a stationary mouse, pushes luggage in a handcart, while for some reason unclear to me a mule backs in and out of the front door.

Outside, on the ground, squat, stand or leap a collection of other dissolutes, again mostly bears, who dangle cigarettes or pipes from their maws, examine travel folders (perhaps they want to check in at a better hotel?) or stare at goodies at their feet. This remarkable creation, wanting only the cacophonous voice of Miss Anna Magnani, rising up from behind the line of flopping laundry, sells for a cool $850. If I were Italian, I'd sue for libel.

NORA MAGID, who is a frequent contributor to these pages, is a member of the staff of the *Reporter* magazine.

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Yet this glory palls beside the $2,000 job, a version of a puppet theatre which carried a resounding label, "Sold." On stage, fourth wall conventionally removed —and convention stops right there—are four rooms. Upstairs, all is bedlam. Powered again by motor, in one room cavort pillow-fighting clowns and a golliwog, presided over by a palsied parody of a Negro mammy and a spastic elf who seems to be lurching into the fireplace. In the second bedroom, three pig-tailed girls jump and jive, while a plastic wide-eyed baby sleeps in a way that struck me as hideously fitful. The motor causes his blanket to heave so desperately that a call to the doctor would seem to be in order. Beside baby's sickbed lie slippers big enough for a giant. For the three ladies at their wild slumber party, there are only two cots, but that's their problem. Downstairs in the kitchen, two creatures whose species eludes me prepare a madhatter's meal—dough is being rolled on a table that holds a plum pudding and a tin of something that looks like peas and carrots, but is labelled "Delicious with custard." A disproportionately enormous cat, intent on bashing its brains out, hurtles itself from table to cupboard. In the parlor, where there is a Christmas tree, and, of all things, a well-stocked bookcase, a drunken Scot in kilts presides at a feast that represents the dream of childhood and Madison Avenue combined—it consists largely of chocolate pudding and hard liquor. At the table, carouse five very bibulous and decadent guests. Near the door, hovers a jittery maid, ready to dispense the dessert. I thought this was awful, but I must confess that even as I gagged, a mesmerized small boy stared with every sign of apparent pleasure. So perhaps will the hospitalized children for whom some kind, elderly, rich old lady has bought this monstrosity. If I were an infant convalescent, I'd have a relapse.

SINCE TOYS keep pace with civilization—is that the word?—and sometimes in fact precede its moves, I was, of course, prepared to see space materials. Erector, which still makes ferris wheels, also makes rocket launcher and automatic radarscope sets. The old interlocking building parts, now plastic, permit the creative child to duplicate accurately to scale the all-glass horrors on Park Avenue. There are missile test centers and robot commandos and frogmen and Geiger counters for boys, as well as machine guns with "100 soft-safe-play bullets." For little girls, from whom big consumers grow, comes housekeeping equipment of the most elaborate kind. And reassuringly for old-fashioned adults, there are still enduring classics—tops and drums and baby dolls and plain solid nursery furniture. Incidentally, I do not mean to imply that there is a necessary correlation between taste and price. There are good toys that are expensive (a Noah's Ark with perhaps two dozen animals for sixty dollars) and there are good toys that are cheap (Japanese skill-games for as little as forty-five cents).

It has not been many decades since toys began to be sold at all in this country, rather than being made at home. Then the child became dependent on his father's pocketbook, rather than on his artistic talents. After the Civil War, the distribution of toys as we know them—by this time the products of a sizable American industry —began to be available in most small towns, but the huge growth came in the years 1920-1950. Population which increased forty-five per cent was accompanied by a toy increase of two thousand per cent. If the population boom transpires as predicted, and if the toy boom continues at a concomitantly proportionate figure, where will it all end? We may be defeated in the end, not by men from Mars, not by men from Russia, not even by ourselves—but by vast armies of enormous, animated, violently colored post-Disney plastic playthings.

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A Critique of Teilhard's Vision

The World of Teilhard de Chardin. Edited by Robert T. Francoeur. Helicon Press. $6.00.

by Walter Edward Arnold, Jr.

THE OPPORTUNITY of finding a world between two covers is rare, and the prospect of finding Teilhard's contained in such a convenient fashion is tempting. As it is, the wayfarer has learned by hard trial to be sceptical of any such claim. *The World of Teilhard*, however, makes another claim which is at once less extravagant and more interesting. The book is a collection of essays and articles by men—and two women—of varied professions and faiths on aspects of Teilhard's life and work. As such it claims to be a critique of the world disclosed by a lifetime of thought and experience.

In all justice, a world of such controversial dimensions, the work of a man whose vision was as original as his thought was responsible, deserves a sound critique. For this reason the claim of the present volume to offer one is the source of great disappointment, especially since it is the first such attempt by American scholars. That most of the articles are by Catholic scholars, as is only right, makes the disappointment keener. In all fairness, however, it must be said that *The World of Teilhard* is disappointing only in view of its high ambition. The reader will go away hungry only because his appetite has been whetted by parts and passages of considerable substance.

For one, Fr. John La Farge, of Teilhard's own order, contributes a most affecting sketch of the man and some exacting appraisals of traits in his character and work. Fr. La Farge raises a major point for an understanding of the nature of Teilhard's work when he speaks of "the mental isolation, *the absence of sound critical companionship* and healthy, normal give-and-take, outside of his professional specialty" of the author of *The Phenomenon of Man*. The reader is not wrong, then, in looking for that "sound critical companionship" at least as a posthumous honor to "a very great intellectual explorer." The fact that the present volume leaves a keen desire for a clear view of the world of Teilhard is, moreover, not to be denied by the fact that it does little to provide one.

The editor, Fr. Robert T. Francoeur, a biologist and a devoted student of Teilhard's thought, has contributed a most useful introduction. After providing an excellent background and précis of Teilhard's views, Fr. Francoeur raises two points deserving close attention. First, Fr. Francoeur holds that Teilhard should be regarded as a "bridge builder spanning the gap between science, philosophy and theology"; second, what is even more interesting, that he is "more the prophet of a new world vision than its master." The second role may in fact militate against the first, but the reader of Teilhard's works thus far in English cannot help being struck by the qualities in them of the seer and visionary, the very qualities that have been the cause of alternate suspicion and enthusiasm.

In a most valuable reminiscence of Teilhard at work in the field, his friend and colleague, the distinguished geologist Dr. George Barbour, documents this visionary power, or power of intuition. Whatever his judgment, no one who wants to understand the contribution of Teilhard's thought to the present conflict of ideals can afford to neglect this side of his character. One regrets that the rest of *The World of Teilhard* does not match the high standard of these opening pieces.

The World of Teilhard is in fact too admiring a collection to be a true critique. Many of the contributors seem so persuaded in advance of the greatness or importance of Teilhard's work that they simply cannot bring themselves to assume the proper sceptical distance for a critical stance. In "History in the Phenomenon of Man," Prof. John V. Walsh treats Teilhard's major work in such a way that it can no longer have any interest for the historian. If the end of history is seen, the direction of its lines of development known, then the story is over and the historian's fretful labor is better employed elsewhere.

Yet Prof. Walsh tells us that "Teilhard sees the end of man, the end of man's story, the end of History," turning *The Phenomenon of Man* into an answer-book for the great dilemmas arising out of a study of history. Actually, there is something unhistorical, even anti-historical about Teilhard's thought, and Prof. Walsh may have performed an unwitting service in exposing it.

Nor is the cause of clear understanding aided by expounding Teilhard's thought in terms of some special body of knowledge, as Dr. James L. Foy does in his paper, which relates certain notions of Teilhard to the idea of man in the behavioral sciences. Moreover, since Dr. Foy, like many others, has not succeeded in mastering the difficulties of Teilhard's highly original style, but has rather fallen to invoking it and imitating it, the effect on the reader is a feeling of being further from the original, being in the dark now about two things instead of one.

Another psychiatrist, Dr. James M. Dorsey, has substituted for the obscurity of the original, which is interesting and rewarding, a jargon which is neither. Nor is the cause of interpretation much helped by well-meaning but far-fetched attempts to find parallels and forerunners, to link up Teilhard's thought with that of all the makers of the modern world.

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On the other hand, one discovers some searching observations in the contribution of James P. Reilly, Jr. Dr. Reilly, a philosopher, thoroughly examines the important claim of Teilhard to present a scientific account of man and his place in nature. In particular, he goes further than anyone in the present volume to help the reader understand the character and limits of Teilhard's *magnum opus*. He offers a critical discussion of what Teilhard means by calling his work a "phenomenology" and a "hyperphysics," and, gives a convincing analysis of the presuppositions behind the presentation of evolution in *The Phenomenon of Man*.

In his careful construction of the metaphysics implicit in Teilhard's "phenomenology," Dr. Reilly is led to reject the misleading claim, which Teilhard makes, of basing his ideas at every step of the way upon scientific investigation. More important, Dr. Reilly is led to regard aspects of Teilhard's work as what a good many admirers accept them as; namely, as myth.

That is not at all to denigrate the work of a master. In what amounts to the most interesting part of this book, Dr. Reilly suggests the proper appreciation of the role of myth in Teilhard's construction of a world view, inviting a comparison with Plato's myths. That at least seems a plausible parallel, since Teilhard has caught the power of Plato, who knew that a philosophy, no matter how compelling to reason must put on the cloth of poetry to win faith. If Teilhard de Chardin survives the friendly and unfriendly criticism of the day, he may be honored by a centennial, where something like a satisfactory appraisal can be given to his potentially great contribution to the shaping of the post-modern world.

O'Hara As Before

Assembly. Short Stories. By John O'Hara. Random House. $5.95.

by Martin Tucker

JOHN O'HARA is like the man who writes long novels when he doesn't have time for short stories. It is a pleasure to report that his latest book shows him with time on hand. The burden of detail which nearly sank his long novels is necessarily reduced by the limitations of the form he has chosen, and not having to research his material he has found more time to contemplate it. This form—his own brand of the leisurely, sketchy short story—shows O'Hara at his most incisive, an incisiveness which again reveals his avaricious, compassionate grasp of the perfect petty detail.

In his first collection of stories in eleven years, there are at least three bad but no awkward ones. O'Hara is a craftsman who has learned not to let one sentence fall into disgrace. His pieces read like glass even when they don't shed light on the author's intent or the characters' motives. Two of the stories—the first and last—are almost novella-length, and in these O'Hara continues his implicit indictment of a society which cannot free the talents of those intelligent members trapped by their own virtues and standards.

In "Mrs. Stratton of Oak Knoll," an old lady remains sitting alone in her great house, even after she has allowed the son she sent away to return home. Ashamed of both her children's potential, she had decided early in their lives not to permit them to disgrace themselves in her domain. Her son was a homosexual; the friend he brought home from Harvard proceeded one morning to play the piano "stark naked" in Mrs. Stratton's parlor. Her daughter turned into a much-married tramp, who ended up playing hostess to the gay set on Majorca. O'Hara's story hinges on the growing realization of the narrator (an artist who lives in the same town) that Mrs. Stratton cannot face the embarrassment of emotion. Her pose of strength is supported by the wall she has built around her house and her schedule. In the end, the artist pleads with Mrs. Stratton to let her son remain with her, to respond to the love she has always inspired but never fulfilled in him.

In the second long story, "A Case History," the hero's virtues are not so apparent. Dr. Drummond coldly plays around with one of his nurses; he marries for money; and he has a long affair with a woman he loves but whom he cannot convince to trust him. Yet Drummond comes to learn that he too has acted out of principles, principles that make his frustration inevitable. Afraid to show

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his lust to a girl he began courting for her money, he loses her as a wife only to gain her as a mistress. She has a punitive streak, or perhaps it is simply a realization that Dr. Drummond can never appreciate love played out in the open. In any case she offers him her body and her love secretly, so that he comes to understand that he has lost a home in the gaining of a hotel room. The realization of that loss brings with it the first dignity in his life.

Most of O'Hara's characters are frustrated, at least the ones he seems to like. In his shorter pieces, the sympathy is not so open, but it can be seen in all his stories concerning show people. In "The Girl from California," the sympathy goes to the successful movie couple who return home to the man's family in a small New Jersey town. The family is petty, mean and spiteful, but the dumb "glamour" figures possess at least a measure of that understanding that springs from acceptance of themselves. In "First Day in Town," O'Hara slashes out vengefully at a pompous doll who tries to climb the intellectual fence overlooking Broadway; the hero is an actor who talks tough and basic and has no pretensions about his ability.

From cruise ships to the back rooms of dingy bars and cabins in isolated areas the stories provide a variety of setting. The atmosphere however never changes. O'Hara's milieu is the hard, brittle moment, the moment that never splinters into an epiphany. Like a nut, it teeters on the edge of a table and then rolls safely back. The kernel has been heard and felt, but it has not been exposed, much less chewed or digested. His people never do more than play out their minute fatalism; they do not escape their shell. The stories, then, show little that is new or fresh in O'Hara. What they reveal is an ever-increasing skill but no growth of attitude. O'Hara is still the tough sentimentalist drawn to men and women who achieve success but miss happiness. Whether they are prizefighters, barbers or business men, they all partake of a diet that fattens people without satisfying them. For this reason, his stories—hard, polished, slick and entertaining—are only half the story. But what a half.

No Sacred Cows

A Modern Demonology. By Frank Getlein. Clarkson Potter, Inc. $5.00.

by William James Smith

FRANK GETLEIN is art editor of the *Washington Evening Star*, art critic for the *New Republic*, the author of *Christianity in Art* and of the recent *Movies, Morals and Art* in collaboration with Father Harold Gardiner. He attended Holy Cross, taught school and lives in Connecticut with his wife and five children. All of which should serve to place him as a satirist—but does not. The satirist in Mr. Getlein is a free-wheeling demon who attacks the liberals and the parish bigots with—well, almost—as much glee as the reactionaries and the Southern bigots. In fact Mr. Getlein attacks just about everybody with equal zest.

A Modern Demonology chronicles the adaptation of the good old-fashioned rural demons to our world of urbanization and idleness. "It was formerly thought," says Mr. Getlein, "that demoniacal idleness springs only from manual workers' being limited to forty hours a week, not to mention thirty-five. More recent studies, however, have shown that the man who lives on dividends can be just as idle as the man who works only forty hours a week."

"Other researchers have mistakenly concluded that the new idleness is already occupied by such new time consumers as bowling, baseball, Sunday painting, the junior chamber of commerce, television, building an extra room in the attic, motorboating, African violets, barbecues, the Civil War, off-Broadway, SCUBA, Skira, knickknacks on the whatnot, miniature bottles of liquor, full-sized bottles of liquor, the new conservatism, stereophonic sound, and adultery. The fact is that these leisure 'activities' are nothing of the sort. They give the illusion of doing something, same as farming in the old days. Like farming, they leave plenty of time for demons."

Whereupon Mr. Getlein's "researchers" proceed to let us have it—and it's not wise to laugh too fast because everything gets its turn—progressive education, modern art, Greenwich Village, the military, the anti-Semite, the medical profession, the plutocracy, everyone. It's all done with a great deal of gusto and perhaps a little too much good-humored bon mottery to bite very deeply. And maybe Mr. Getlein spreads himself a little too thin. When everyone gets it in the neck the thing just about cancels itself out. But it's fun watching your favorite demon squirm as he is basted and you can always skip the chapter that strikes closest to home. Robert Osborn has supplied copious illustrations of the relevant demons.

REVIEWERS

Walter Edward Arnold, Jr. is a graduate of the Harvard philosophy department.

Martin Tucker, a member of the faculty of Long Island University, is a frequent reviewer in these pages.

William J. Smith is one of the editors of *Atomic Industrial Forum*.

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